

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

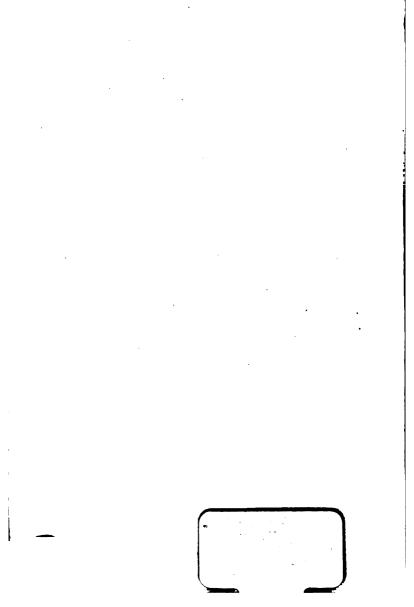
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/







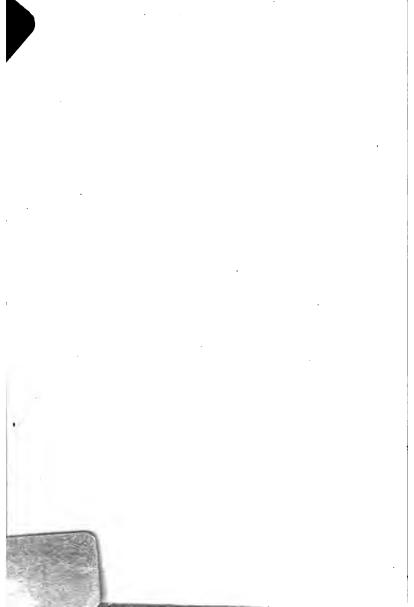
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR



Miss Lace Sears
From
Herman
12/7/19.

N2/

1.200



THE NUMBER OF THE PUBLIC THE

ASTOR, LENGTH AT TILDEN FOUNDAT



By
Paul Laurence Dunbar



New York

Dodd, Mead and Company

1913

PUBLIC LIBRARY

15281B

ACCOUNTY OND

TORREST LIBRARY

Copyright, 1903,
By Dodd, Mead and Company

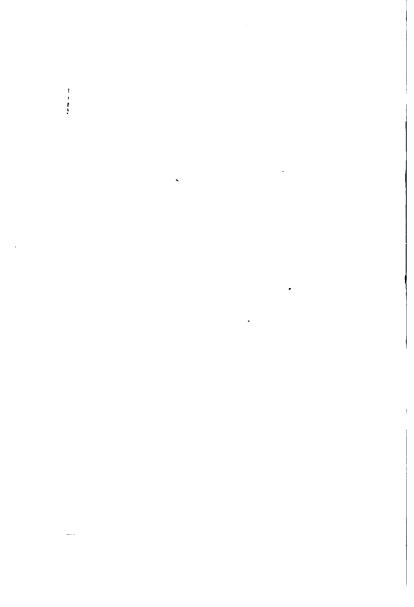
All rights reserved.

First Edition Published March, 1903.

Unibersity Press :

JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

TO MISS CATHERINE IMPEY



CONTENTS

													P	AGE
Two Little	Во	OTS	•			•					•	•	•	I
TO THE ROA	D.	•												3
A Spring W	700 1	NG									•			5
Joggin' Erl	ONG													7
In May .														9
Dreams .														10
THE TRYST														11
A PLEA .														12
THE DOVE			• 1											14
A WARM DA	Y I	N N	/11	(TI	c R									14
Snowin' .														16
Keep a Son	G U	P 01	۲ ۱	DE	w	ΑY								19
THE TURNIN	iG O	F T	HE	В	AB:	ŒS	IN	T	HE	В	ED			21
THE DANCE														23
Soliloguy o	FA	Τυ	RK	EY										25
Fishing .														27
A PLANTATIO														31
A LITTLE C								-	•	•	-	•	•	•
A LITTLE CI	uK12	IMLA	.5		SK. rii	Ľľ.	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	33

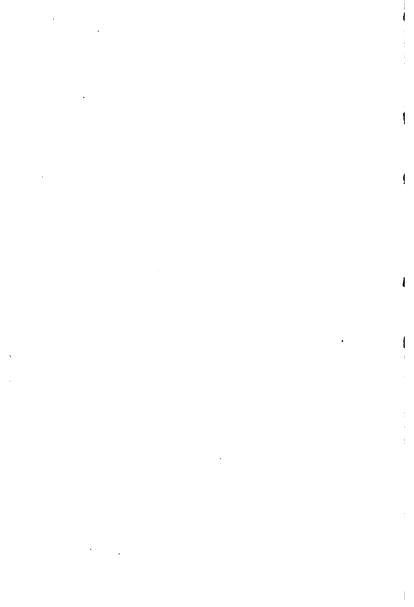
														,	AGE
THE VALS	E .		•		٠.						•	•			35
Response															37
My Swee	r B	ROW	N	G	L										38
SPRING FI	EVE	ι.													39
THE VISIT	OR														41
Song .															43
THE COLO	RED	BA	N	D.											44
To A Viol	LET	FOU	N	D C	N	Αı	L	SA	IN.	rs'	DA	Y			46
Inspiratio	on .														47
MY LADY	OF	CAS	TI	E	Gr	AN	D					٠.			48
Drizzle															50
DE CRITTI															51
WHEN DE	Y 'I	LIST	EI	C	oL	OR.	ED	S	OLI)IE	RS				56
Lincoln															60
Encourag	EME	NT													61
THE BOOG	АH	MA	N												63
THE WRA	ІТН														66
SILENCE															67
W нгр- Р 00	r-W	ILL	A	ND	K	ΑТ	y-]	Dir	,						68
Long To'i	os N	ligi	īТ												69
A GRIEVA															72
DINAH KN	EAI	OINC	3]	Doi	UGI	н									74
TO A CAP															75
DAT OL' 1															76
IN THE M															79
THE POET															82
	•	•	•	•		iii	•	•	•	٠	•	•	•	•	

							PAGE
A FLORIDA NIGHT							82
Differences							84
Long Ago							85
A PLANTATION MELODY						•	87
A SPIRITUAL							88
THE MEMORY OF MARTH	[A						90
W'en I gits Home .							91
" Howdy, Honey, Howd	Y!	"					93
THE UNSUNG HEROES.							94
THE POOL							98
Possession							99
THE OLD FRONT GATE							101
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER							103
A Frolic							106
Noddin' by de Fire .							107
Love's Castle							109
MORNING SONG OF LOVE	t						110
On a Clean Book							111
To the Eastern Shore							112
RELUCTANCE							114
BALLADE							116
SPRAKIN' AT DE COU'T-H	Ιοι	JSE					118
BLACK SAMSON OF BRAN	DY	wı	NE	•			I 20
THE LOOKING-GLASS .							123
A MISTY DAY							124
Li'l' Gal							125
	ix						-

Douglass	127
WHEN SAM'L SINGS	128
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON	131
THE MONK'S WALK	132
LOVE-SONG	134
SLOW THROUGH THE DARK	135
THE MURDERED LOVER	136
Риговорну	138
A PREFERENCE	140
THE DEST	141
On the Dedication of Dorothy Hall	142
A ROADWAY	143
By Rugged Ways	144
Love's Seasons	146
To a Dead Friend	147
To the South	•••
THE HAUNTED OAK	153
Weltschmertz	156
ROBERT GOULD SHAW	1 59
Roses	
A Love Song	
ITCHING HEELS	
TO AN INGRATE	
In the Tents of Akbar	_
THE FOUNT OF TEARS	•
Lipe's Tragedy	•

x

De Way T'ings Coi	ME	:		•						٠,		170
Noon		•										171
AT THE TAVERN		•										173
DEATH									•			174
NIGHT, DIM NIGHT.			•	•	•	•		•			•	175
-		_	-		_							
LYRICS OF LOVE	Ξ.	A	ΝI	D	SC	R	RC	W				176



Ŧ

TWO LITTLE BOOTS.

Two little boots all rough an' wo',
Two little boots!

Laws, I's kissed 'em times befo',
Dese little boots!

Seems de toes a-peepin' thoo
Dis hyeah hole an' sayin' "Boo!"

Evah time dey looks at you—
Dese little boots.

Membah de time he put 'em on,

Dese little boots;

Riz an' called fu' 'em by dawn,

Dese little boots;

Den he tromped de livelong day,

Laffin' in his happy way,

Evaht'ing he had to say,

"My little boots!"

1

Kickin' de san' de whole day long,

Dem little boots;
Good de cobblah made 'em strong,

Dem little boots!
Rocks was fu' dat baby's use,
I'on had to stan' abuse
W'en you tu'ned dese champeens loose,

Dese little boots!

Ust to make de ol' cat cry,

Dese little boots;

Den you walked it mighty high,

Proud little boots!

Ahms akimbo, stan'in' wide,

Eyes a-sayin' "Dis is pride!"

Den de manny-baby stride!

You little boots.

Somehow, you don' seem so gay,
Po' little boots,
Sence yo' ownah went erway,
Po' little boots!

2



Yo' bright tops don' look so red, Dese brass tips is dull an' dead; "Goo'-by," whut de baby said; Deah little boots!

Ain't you kin' o' sad yo'se'f,
You little boots?
Dis is all his mammy 's lef',
Two little boots.
Sence huh baby gone an' died,
Heav'n itse'f hit seem to hide
Des a little bit inside
Two little boots.

TO THE ROAD.

OOL is the wind, for the summer is waning,
Who's for the road?
Sun-flecked and soft, where the dead leaves are
raining,

Who's for the road?

_ = Live and Laughter

- :--imm' dough you try to TA 120 .070 -- : moust'ous happy 'cause you 2 28 :vean weathah meks it - 'an' an' deef an' dumb. indan ez he buil' his :e savin' to his mate? - ve um in de wo'ds she _____v pleased at what hea room sholy got his ... un mothah-wit fu' case ne, iu' I do' mean

...... birds fu' me an'

I's a-buil'in' o' my cabin, an' I's vines erbove de do'

Fu' to kin' o' gin it sheltah f'om de sun;

Gwine to have a little kitchen wid a reg'lar wooden flo',

An' dey'll be a back verandy w'en hit's done.

I 's a-waitin' fu' you, Lucy, tek de 'zample o' de birds,

Dat 's a-lovin' an' a-matin' evahwhaih.

I cain' tell you dat I loves you in de robin's music wo'ds,

But my cabin's talkin' fu' me ovah thaih!

JOGGIN' ERLONG.

DE da'kest hour, dey allus say,
Is des' befo' de dawn,
But it 's moughty ha'd a-waitin'
W'ere de night goes frownin' on;
An' it 's moughty ha'd a-hopin'

W'en de clouds is big an' black,
An' all de t'ings you's waited fu'
Has failed, er gone to wrack —
But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o'
song,

De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de night 's been long.

Dey 's lots o' knocks you 's got to tek
Befo' yo' journey 's done,
An' dey 's times w'en you 'll be wishin'
Dat de weary race was run;
W'en you want to give up tryin'
An' des' float erpon de wave,
W'en you don't feel no mo' sorrer
Ez you t'ink erbout de grave —
Den, des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o'
song,

De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de night 's been long.

De whup-lash sting a good deal mo' De back hit's knowed befo',

An' de burden 's allus heavies'
Whaih hits weight has made a so';
Dey is times w'en tribulation
Seems to git de uppah han'
An' to whip de weary trav'lah
'Twell he ain't got stren'th to stan'—
But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o'
song,

De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de night 's been long.

IN MAY.

To walk with you under the trees,
Dreaming throughout the day,
Drinking the wine-like breeze,

Oh it were sweet to think

That May should be ours again,

Hoping it not, I shrink,

Out of the sight of men.

May brings the flowers to bloom,

It brings the green leaves to the tree,
And the fatally sweet perfume,

Of what you once were to me.

DREAMS.

HAT dreams we have and how they fly
Like rosy clouds across the sky;
Of wealth, of fame, of sure success,
Of love that comes to cheer and bless;
And how they wither, how they fade,
The waning wealth, the jilting jade—
The fame that for a moment gleams,
Then flies forever,—dreams, ah—dreams!

O burning doubt and long regret,
O tears with which our eyes are wet,
Heart-throbs, heart-aches, the glut of pain,
The somber cloud, the bitter rain,
You were not of those dreams—ah! well,
Your full fruition who can tell?

Wealth, fame, and love, ah! love that beams Upon our souls, all dreams — ah! dreams.

THE TRYST.

De night creep down erlong de lan',
De shadders rise an' shake,
De frog is sta'tin' up his ban',
De cricket is awake;
My wo'k is mos' nigh done, Celes',
To-night I won't be late,
I 's hu'yin' thoo my level bes',
Wait fu' me by de gate.

De mockin'-bird 'll sen' his glee
A-thrillin' thoo and thoo,
I know dat ol' magnolia-tree
Is smellin' des' fu' you;
De jessamine erside de road
Is bloomin' rich an' white,
My hea't 's a-th'obbin', 'cause it knowed
You'd wait fu' me to-night.

Hit's lonesome, ain't it, stan'in' thaih
Wid no one nigh to talk?
But ain't dey whispahs in de aih
Erlong de gyahden walk?
Don't somep'n kin' o' call my name,
An' say "he love you bes' "?
Hit's true, I wants to say de same,
So wait fu' me, Celes'.

Sing somep'n fu' to pass de time,
Outsing de mockin'-bird,
You got de music an' de rhyme,
You beat him wid de word.
I's comin' now, my wo'k is done,
De hour has come fu' res',
I wants to fly, but only run —
Wait fu' me, deah Celes'.

A PLEA.

TREAT me nice, Miss Mandy Jane,
Treat me nice.

Dough my love has tu'ned my brain,
Treat me nice.

I ain't done a t'ing to shame,
Lovahs all ac's jes' de same:
Don't you know we ain't to blame?
Treat me nice!

Cose I know I 's talkin' wild;

Treat me nice;
I cain't talk no bettah, child,

Treat me nice;
Whut a pusson gwine to do,
W'en he come a-cou'tin' you
All a-trimblin' thoo and thoo?

Please be nice.

Reckon I mus' go de paf
Othahs do:
Lovahs lingah, ladies laff;
Mebbe you
Do' mean all the things you say,
An' pu'haps some latah day
W'en I baig you ha'd, you may
Treat me nice!

THE DOVE.

Out of the sunshine and out of the heat, Out of the dust of the grimy street, A song fluttered down in the form of a dove, And it bore me a message, the one word— Love!

Ah, I was toiling, and oh, I was sad:
I had forgotten the way to be glad.
Now, smiles for my sadness and for my toil,
rest

Since the dove fluttered down to its home in my breast!

A WARM DAY IN WINTER.

"SUNSHINE on de medders, Greenness on de way; Dat's de blessed reason I sing all de day."

Look hyeah! Whut you axin'?
Whut meks me so merry?
'Spect to see me sighin'
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary?

'Long de stake an' rider
Seen a robin set;
W'y, hit 'mence a-thawin',
Groun' is monst'ous wet.
Den you stan' dah wond'rin',
Lookin' skeert an' stary';
I's a right to caper
W'en hit's wa'm in Febawary.

Missis gone a-drivin',

Mastah gone to shoot;

Ev'ry da'ky lazin'

In de sun to boot.

Qua'tah 's moughty pleasant,

Hangin' 'roun' my Mary;

Cou'tin' boun' to prospah

W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary.

Cidah look so pu'ty
Po'in' f'om de jug —
Don' you see it 's happy?
Hyeah it laffin' — glug?
Now's de time fu' people
Fu' to try an' bury
All dey grief an' sorrer,
W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary.

SNOWIN'.

DEY is snow upon de meddahs, dey is snow upon de hill,

An' de little branch's watahs is all glistenin' an' still;

De win' goes roun' de cabin lak a sperrit wan'erin' 'roun',

An' de chillen shakes an' shivahs as dey listen to de soun'.

Dey is hick'ry in de fiahplace, whah de blaze is risin' high,

- But de heat it meks ain't wa'min' up de gray clouds in de sky.
- Now an' den I des peep outside, den I hurries to de do',
- Lawd a mussy on my body, how I wish it would n't snow!
- I kin stan' de hottes' summah, I kin stan' de wettes' fall,
- I kin stan' de chilly springtime in de ploughland, but dat's all;
- Fu' de ve'y hottes' fiah nevah tells my skin a t'ing,
- W'en de snow commence a-flyin', an' de win' begin to sing.
- Dey is plenty wood erroun' us, an' I chop an' tote it in,
- But de t'oughts dat I's a t'inkin' while I's wo'kin' is a sin.
- I kin keep f'om down.ight swahin' all de time I's on de go,
- But my hea't is full o' cuss-wo'ds w'en I's trampin' thoo de snow.

- . What you say, you Lishy Davis, dat you see a possum's tracks?
 - Look hyeah, boy, you stop yo' foolin', bring ol' Spot, an' bring de ax.
 - Is I col'? Go way, now, Mandy, what you t'ink I's made of? sho,
 - W'y dis win' is des ez gentle, an' dis ain't no kin' o' snow.
 - Dis hyeah weathah 's des ez healthy ez de wa'mest summah days.
- All you chillen step up lively, pile on wood an' keep a blaze.
- What's de use o' gittin' skeery case dey's snow upon de groun'?
- Huh-uh, I's a reg'lar snowbird ef dey's any possum 'roun'.
- Go on, Spot, don' be so foolish; don' you see de signs o' feet.
- What you howlin' fu'? Keep still, suh, cose de col' is putty sweet;
- But we goin' out on bus'ness, an' hit's bus'ness o' de kin'

- Dat mus' put a dog an' dahky in a happy frame o' min'.
- Yes, you's col'; I know it, Spotty, but you des stay close to me,
- An' I'll mek you hot ez cotton w'en we strikes de happy tree.
- No, I don' lak wintah weathah, an' I'd wush 't uz allus June,
- Ef it was n't fu' de trackin' o' de possum an' de coon.

KEEP A SONG UP ON DE WAY.

H, de clouds is mighty heavy
An' de rain is mighty thick;
Keep a song up on de way.
An' de waters is a rumblin'
On de boulders in de crick,
Keep a song up on de way.
Fu' a bird ercross de road
Is a-singin' lak he knowed

Dat we people did n't daih

Fu' to try de rainy aih

Wid a song up on de way.

What's de use o' gittin' mopy,
Case de weather ain' de bes'!

Keep a song up on de way.
W'en de rain is fallin' ha'des',
Dey's de longes' time to res';

Keep a song up on de way.
Dough de plough 's a-stan'in' still
Dey'll be watah fu' de mill,
Rain mus' come ez well ez sun
'Fo' de weathah's wo'k is done,

Keep a song up on de way.

W'y hit's nice to hyeah de showahs
Fallin' down ermong de trees:

Keep a song up on de way.

Ef de birds don' bothah 'bout it,
But go singin' lak dey please,

Keep a song up on de way.

You don' s'pose I 's gwine to see Dem ah fowls do mo' dan me? No, suh, I 'll des chase dis frown, An' aldough de rain fall down, Keep a song up on de way.

THE TURNING OF THE BABIES IN THE BED.

WOMAN 'S sho' a cur'ous critter, an' dey ain't no doubtin' dat.

She's a mess o' funny capahs f'om huh slippahs to huh hat.

Ef you tries to un'erstan' huh, an' you fails, des' up an' say:

"D' ain't a bit o' use to try to un'erstan' a woman's way."

I don' mean to be complainin', but I's jes' a-settin' down

Some o' my own obserwations, w'en I cas' my eye eroun'.

- Ef you ax me fu' to prove it, I ken do it mighty fine,
- Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample den dis ve'y wife o' mine.
- In de ve'y hea't o' midnight, w'en I 's sleepin' good an' soun',
- I kin hyeah a so't o' rustlin' an' somebody movin' 'roun'.
- An' I say, "Lize, whut you doin'?" But she frown an' shek huh haid,
- "Heish yo' mouf, I 's only tu'nin' of de chillun in de bed.
- 'Don' you know a chile gits restless, layin' all de night one way?
- An' you' got to kind o' 'range him sev'al times befo' de day?
- So de little necks won't worry, an' de little backs won't break;
- Don' you t'ink case chillun 's chillun dey hain't got no pain an' ache."

- So she shakes 'em, an' she twists 'em, an' she tu'ns 'em 'roun' erbout,
- "Twell I don' see how de chillun evah keeps f'om hollahin' out.
- Den she lif's 'em up head down'ards, so 's dey won't git livah-grown,
- But dey snoozes des' ez peaceful ez a liza'd on a stone.
- W'en hit 's mos' nigh time fu' wakin' on de dawn o' jedgment day,
- Seems lak I kin hyeah ol' Gab'iel lay his trumpet down an' say,
- "Who dat walkin' 'roun' so easy, down on earf ermong de dead?"—
- 'T will be Lizy up a-tu'nin' of de chillun in de bed.

THE DANCE.

That is the song we sing;
Turn to your partner and curtsey low,
Balance and forward and swing.

Corners are draughty and meadows are white, This is the game for a winter's night.

Hands around, hands around,
Trip it, and not too slow;
Clear is the fiddle and sweet its sound,
Keep the girls' cheeks aglow.
Still let your movements be dainty and light,
This is the game for a winter's night.

Back to back, back to back,

Turn to your place again;

Never let lightness nor nimbleness lack,

Either in maidens or men.

Time hasteth ever, beware of its flight,

Oh, what a game for a winter's night!

Slower now, slower now,
Softer the music sighs;
Look, there are beads on your partner's brow
Though there be light in her eyes.
Lead her away and her grace requite,
So goes the game on a winter's night.

SOLILOQUY OF A TURKEY.

DEY'S a so't o' threatenin' feelin' in de blowin' of de breeze,

An' I's feelin' kin' o' squeamish in de night; I's a-walkin' 'roun' a-lookin' at de diffunt style o' trees,

An' a-measurin' dey thickness an' dey height. Fu' dey 's somep'n mighty 'spicious in de looks de da'kies give,

Ez dey pass me an' my fambly on de groun', So it 'curs to me dat lakly, ef I caihs to try an' live,

It concehns me fu' to 'mence to look erroun'.

Dey's a cu'ious kin' o' shivah runnin' up an' down my back,

An' I feel my feddahs rufflin' all de day,
An' my laigs commence to trimble evah blessid
step I mek;

W'en I sees a ax, I tu'ns my head away.

Folks is go'gin' me wid goodies, an' dey's treatin' me wid caih,

An' I's fat in spite of all dat I kin do.

I's mistrus'ful of de kin'ness dat's erroun' me evahwhaih,

Fu' it 's jes' too good, an' frequent, to be true.

Snow's a-fallin' on de medders, all erroun' me now is white,

But I's still kep' on a-roostin' on de fence;

Isham comes an' feels my breas'bone, an' he hefted me las' night,

An' he 's gone erroun' a-grinnin' evah sence.

'Tain't de snow dat meks me shivah; 't ain't de col' dat meks me shake;

'T ain't de wintah-time itse'f dat 's 'fectin' me;
But I t'ink de time is comin', an' I'd bettah
mek a break,

Fu' to set wid Mistah Possum in his tree.

W'en you hyeah de da'kies singin', an' de quahtahs all is gay,

'T ain't de time fu' birds lak me to be 'erroun';

W'en de hick'ry chips is flyin', an' de log's been ca'ied erway,

Den hit's dang'ous to be roostin' nigh de groun'.

Grin on, Isham! Sing on, da'kies! But I flop my wings an' go

Fu' de sheltah of de ve'y highest tree,

Fu' dey 's too much close ertention — an' dey 's too much fallin' snow —

An' it's too nigh Chris'mus mo'nin' now fu' me.

FISHING.

W'EN I git up in de mo'nin' an' de clouds is big an' black,

Dey's a kin' o' wa'nin' shivah goes a-scootin' down my back;

Den I says to my ol' ooman ez I watches down de lane,

"Don't you so't o' reckon, Lizy, dat we gwine to have some rain?"

- "Go on, man," my Lizy answah, "you cain't fool me, not a bit,
- I don't see no rain a-comin', ef you's wishin' fu' it, quit;
- Case de mo' you t'ink erbout it, an' de mo' you pray an' wish,
- W'y de rain stay 'way de longah, spechul ef you wants to fish."
- But I see huh pat de skillet, an' I see huh cas' huh eye
- Wid a kin' o' anxious motion to'ds de da'kness in de sky;
- An' I knows whut she 's a-t'inkin', dough she tries so ha'd to hide.
- . She's a-sayin', "Would n't catfish now tas'e monst'ous bully, fried?"
 - Den de clouds git black an' blackah, an' de thundah 'mence to roll,
 - An' de rain, it 'mence a-fallin'. Oh, I 's happy, bless my soul!

- Ez I look at dat ol' skillet, an' I 'magine I kin see
- Jes' a slew o' new-ketched catfish sizzlin' daih fu' huh an' me.
- "T ain't no use to go a-ploughin', fu' de groun' 'll be too wet,
- So I puts out fu' de big house at a moughty pace, you bet,
- An' ol' mastah say, "Well, Lishy, ef you t'ink hit's gwine to rain,
- Go on fishin', hit's de weathah, an' I 'low we cain't complain."
- Talk erbout a dahky walkin' wid his haid up in de aih!
- Have to feel mine evah minute to be sho' I got it daih;
- En' de win' is cuttin' capahs an' a-lashin' thoo de trees,
- But de rain keeps on a-singin' blessed songs, lak "Tek yo' ease."

- Wid my pole erpon my shouldah an' my wo'm can in my han',
- I kin feel de fish a-waitin' w'en I strikes de rivah's san';
- Nevah min', you ho'ny scoun'els, need n' swim erroun' an' grin,
- I'll be grinnin' in a minute w'en I 'mence to haul you in.
- W'en de fish begin to nibble, an' de co'k begin to jump,
- I's erfeahed dat dey'll quit bitin', case dey hyeah my hea't go "thump,"
- 'Twell de co'k go way down undah, an' I raise a awful shout,
- Ez a big ol' yallah belly comes a gallivantin' out.
- Need n't wriggle, Mistah Catfish, case I got you jes' de same,
- You been eatin', I'll be eatin', an' we needah ain't to blame.

But you need n't feel so lonesome fu' I 's th'owin' out to see

Ef dey ain't some of yo' comrades fu' to keep you company.

Spo't, dis fishin'! now you talkin', w'y dey ain't no kin' to beat;

I don' keer ef I is soakin', laigs, an' back, an' naik, an' feet,

It's de spo't I's lookin' aftah. Hit's de pleasure an' de fun,

Dough I knows dat Lizy's waitin' wid de skillet w'en I's done.

A PLANTATION PORTRAIT.

Is it true?

Whaih you been f'om day to day,
Whaih, I say?

Dat you say you nevah seen
Dis hyeah queen

Walkin' roun' f'om fiel' to street Smilin' sweet?

Slendah ez a saplin' tree;
Seems to me
W'en de win' blow f'om de bay
She jes' sway
Lak de reg'lar saplin' do
Ef hit's grew
Straight an' graceful, 'dout a limb,
Sweet an' slim.

Browner den de frush's wing,
An' she sing
Lak he mek his wa'ble ring
In de spring;
But she sholy beat de frush,
Hyeah me, hush:
W'en she sing, huh teef kin show

Eyes ez big an' roun' an' bright Ez de light

White ez snow.

Whut de moon gives in de prime Harvest time.

An' huh haih a woolly skein, Black an' plain.

Hol's you wid a natchul twis'
Close to bliss.

Tendah han's dat mek yo' own Feel lak stone;

Easy steppin', blessid feet, Small an' sweet.

Hain't you seen my Mandy Lou,
Is it true?

Look at huh befo' she 's gone, Den pass on!

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS BASKET.

DE win' is hollahin' "Daih you" to de shuttahs an' de fiah, De snow's a-sayin' "Got you" to de groun',

3

Fu' de wintah weathah 's come widout a-askin' ouah desiah,

An' he's laughin' in his sleeve at whut he foun';

Fu' dey ain't nobody ready wid dey fuel er dey food,

An' de money bag look timid lak, fu' sho', So we want ouah Chrismus sermon, but we'd lak it ef you could

Leave a little Chrismus basket at de do'.

Wha 's de use o' tellin' chillen 'bout a Santy er a Nick,

An' de sto'ies dat a body allus tol'?

When de harf is gray wid ashes an' you has n't got a stick

Fu' to warm dem when dey little toes is col'? Wha 's de use o' preachin' 'ligion to a man dat 's sta'ved to def.

An' a-tellin' him de Mastah will pu'vide?

Ef you want to tech his feelin's, save yo' sermons an' yo' bref,

Tek a little Chrismus basket by yo' side.

'T ain't de time to open Bibles an' to lock yo' cellah do',

'T ain't de time to talk o' bein' good to men; Ef you want to preach a sermon ez you nevah preached befo',

Preach dat sermon wid a shoat er wid er hen; Bein' good is heap sight bettah den a-dallyin' wid sin,

An' dey ain't nobody roun' dat knows it mo', But I t'ink dat 'ligion 's sweeter w'en it kind o' mixes in

Wid a little Chrismus basket at de do'.

THE VALSE.

WHEN to sweet music my lady is dancing
My heart to mild frenzy her beauty
inspires.

Into my face are her brown eyes a-glancing,
And swift my whole frame thrills with tremulous fires.

Dance, lady, dance, for the moments are fleeting,
Pause not to place you refractory curl;
Life is for love and the night is for sweeting;
Dreamily, joyously, circle and whirl.

Oh, how those viols are throbbing and pleading;
A prayer is scarce needed in sound of their strain.

Surely and lightly as round you are speeding,

You turn to confusion my heart and my

brain.

Dance, lady, dance to the viol's soft calling, Skip it and trip it as light as the air;

Dance, for the moments like rose leaves are falling,

Strikes, now, the clock from its place on the stair.

Now sinks the melody lower and lower,

The weary musicians scarce seeming to play.

Ah, love, your steps now are slower and slower,

The smile on your face is more sad and less
gay.

Dance, lady, dance to the brink of our parting, My heart and your step must not fail to be light.

Dance! Just a turn — tho' the tear-drop be starting.

Ah — now it is done — so — my lady, goodnight!

RESPONSE.

WHEN Phyllis sighs and from her eyes
The light dies out; my soul replies
With misery of deep-drawn breath,
E'en as it were at war with death.

When Phyllis smiles, her glance beguiles My heart through love-lit woodland aisles, And through the silence high and clear, A wooing warbler's song I hear.

But if she frown, despair comes down, I put me on my sack-cloth gown; So frown not, Phyllis, lest I die, But look on me with smile or sigh.

MY SWEET BROWN GAL.

W'EN de clouds is hangin' heavy in de sky,

An' de win's 's a-taihin' moughty vig'rous by, I don' go a-sighin' all erlong de way; I des' wo'k a-waitin' fu' de close o' day.

Case I knows w'en evenin' draps huh shadders down,

I won' care a smidgeon fu' de weathah's frown; Let de rain go splashin', let de thundah raih, Dey's a happy sheltah, an' I's goin' daih.

Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez mammy's toas',
'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to roas';
No one daih to cross me, got no talkin' pal,
But I's got de comp'ny o' my sweet brown gal.

So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to huh sing, Lak a blessid angel; how huh voice do ring!

Sweetah den a bluebird flutterin' erroun', W'en he sees de steamin' o' de new ploughed groun'.

Den I hugs huh closah, closah to my breas'. Needn't sing, my da'lin', tek you' hones' res'.

Does I mean Malindy, Mandy, Lize er Sal?

No, I means my fiddle — dat's my sweet brown
gal!

SPRING FEVER.

RASS commence a-comin'
Thoo de thawin' groun',
Evah bird dat whistles
Keepin' noise erroun';
Cain't sleep in de mo'nin',
Case befo' it 's light
Bluebird an' de robin
Done begun to fight.

Bluebird sass de robin,
Robin sass him back,
Den de bluebird scol' him
'Twell his face is black.
Would n' min' de quoilin'
All de mo'nin' long,
'Cept it wakes me early,
Case hit's done in song.

Anybody wo'kin'
Wants to sleep ez late
Ez de folks'll 'low him,
An' I wish to state
(Co'se dis ain't to scattah,
But 'twix' me an' you),
I could stan' de bedclothes,
Kin' o' latah, too.

"T ain't my natchul feelin',
Dis hyeah mopin' spell.
I stan's early risin'
Mos'ly moughty well;

But de ve'y minute,

I feel Ap'il's heat,

Bless yo' soul, de bedclothes

Nevah seemed so sweet.

Mastah, he 's a-scol'in',
Case de han's is slow,
All de hosses balkin',
Jes' cain't mek 'em go.
Don' know whut 's de mattah,
Hit 's a funny t'ing,
Iess'n hit 's de fevah
Dat you gits in spring.

THE VISITOR.

ITTLE lady at de do',

W'y you stan' dey knockin'?

Nevah seen you ac' befo'

In er way so shockin'.

Don' you know de sin it is Fu' to git my temper riz W'en I 's got de rheumatiz An' my jints is lockin'?

No, ol' Miss ain't sont you down,
Don' you tell no story;
I been seed you hangin' 'roun'
Dis hyeah te'itory.
You des come fu' me to tell
You a tale, an' I ain' — well —
Look hyeah, what is dat I smell?
Steamin' victuals? Glory!

Come in, Missy, how you do?

Come up by de fiah,

I was jokin', chile, wid you;

Bring dat basket nighah.

Huh uh, ain' dat lak ol' Miss,

Sen'in' me a feas' lak dis?

Rheumatiz cain't stop my bliss,

Case I's feelin' spryah.

Chicken meat an' gravy, too,

Hot an' still a-heatin';
Good ol' sweet pertater stew;

Missy b'lieves in treatin'.

Des set down, you blessed chile,
Daddy got to t'ink a while,
Den a story mek you smile

W'en he git thoo eatin'.

SONG.

WINTAH, summah, snow er shine,
Hit 's all de same to me,
Ef only I kin call you mine,
An' keep you by my knee.

Ha'dship, frolic, grief er caih,Content by night an' day,Ef only I kin see you whaihYou wait beside de way.

Livin', dyin', smiles er teahs, My soul will still be free, Ef only thoo de comin' yeahs You walk de worl' wid me.

Bird-song, breeze-wail, chune er moan,
What puny t'ings dey 'll be,
Ef w'en I 's seemin' all erlone,
I knows yo' hea't 's wid me.

į

THE COLORED BAND.

W'EN de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street,

Don't you people stan' daih starin'; lif' yo' feet!

Ain't dey playin'? Hip, hooray!
Stir yo' stumps an' cleah de way,
Fu' de music dat dey mekin' can't be beat.

Oh, de major man 's a-swingin' of his stick, An' de pickaninnies crowdin' roun' him thick;

In his go'geous uniform,

He's de lightnin' of de sto'm,

An' de little clouds erroun' look mighty slick.

You kin hyeah a fine perfo'mance w'en de white ban's serenade,

An' dey play dey high-toned music mighty sweet,

But hit's Sousa played in rag-time, an' hit's Rastus on Parade,

W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street.

W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street

You kin hyeah de ladies all erroun' repeat:

"Ain't dey handsome? Ain't dey gran'?

Ain't dey splendid? Goodness, lan'!

W'y dey's pu'fect f'om dey fo'heads to dey feet!"

An' sich steppin' to de music down de line, 'T ain't de music by itself dat meks it fine,

Hit 's de walkin', step by step, An' de keepin' time wid "Hep," Dat it mek a common ditty soun' divine.

Oh, de white ban' play hits music, an' hit's mighty good to hyeah,

An' it sometimes leaves a ticklin' in yo' feet;
But de hea't goes into bus'ness fu' to he'p
erlong de eah,

W'en de colo'ed ban' goes marchin' down de street.

TO A VIOLET FOUND ON ALL SAINTS' DAY.

BELATED wanderer of the ways of spring,
Lost in the chill of grim November rain,
Would I could read the message that you bring
And find in it the antidote for pain.

Does some sad spirit out beyond the day,
Far looking to the hours forever dead,
Send you a tender offering to lay
Upon the grave of us, the living dead?

Or does some brighter spirit, unforlorn,
Send you, my little sister of the wood,
To say to some one on a cloudful morn,
"Life lives through death, my brother, all is
good?"

With meditative hearts the others go

The memory of their dead to dress anew.

But, sister mine, bide here that I may know,

Life grows, through death, as beautiful as you.

INSPIRATION.

A^T the golden gate of song
Stood I, knocking all day long,
But the Angel, calm and cold,
Still refused and bade me, "Hold."

Then a breath of soft perfume, Then a light within the gloom; Thou, Love, camest to my side, And the gates flew open wide.

Long I dwelt in this domain, Knew no sorrow, grief, or pain; Now you bid me forth and free, Will you shut these gates on me?

MY LADY OF CASTLE GRAND.

RAY is the palace where she dwells,
Grimly the poplars stand
There by the window where she sits,
My Lady of Castle Grand.

There does she bide the livelong day, Grim as the poplars are, Ever her gaze goes reaching out, Steady, but vague and far.

Bright burn the fires in the castle hall,
Brightly the fire-dogs stand;
But cold is the body and cold the heart
Of my Lady of Castle Grand.

Blue are the veins in her lily-white hands,
Blue are the veins in her brow;
Thin is the line of her blue drawn lips,
Who would be haughty now?

Pale is the face at the window-pane,
Pale as the pearl on her breast,
"Roderick, love, wilt come again?
Fares he to east or west?"

The shepherd pipes to the shepherdess,

The bird to his mate in the tree,

And ever she sighs as she hears their song,

"Nobody sings for me."

The scullery maids have swains enow
Who lead them the way of love,
But lonely and loveless their mistress sits
At her window up above.

Loveless and lonely she waits and waits,
The saddest in all the land;
Ah, cruel and lasting is love-blind pride,
My Lady of Castle Grand.

DRIZZLE.

IT'S been drizzlin' an' been sprinklin',
Kin' o' techy all day long.

I ain't wet enough fu' toddy,
I's too damp to raise a song,
An' de case have set me t'inkin',
Dat dey's folk des lak de rain,
Dat goes drizzlin' w'en dey's talkin',
An' won't speak out flat an' plain.

Ain't you nevah set an' listened
At a body 'splain his min'?
W'en de t'oughts dey keep on drappin'
Was n't big enough to fin'?
Dem 's whut I call drizzlin' people,
Othahs call 'em mealy mouf,
But de fust name hits me bettah,
Case dey nevah tech a drouf.

Dey kin talk from hyeah to yandah, An' f'om yandah hyeah ergain,

An' dey don' mek no mo' 'pression,
Den dis powd'ry kin' o' rain.
En yo' min' is dry ez cindahs,
Er a piece o' kindlin' wood,
'Tain't no use a-talkin' to 'em,
Fu' dey drizzle ain't no good.

Gimme folks dat speak out nachul,
Whut 'll say des whut dey mean,
Whut don't set dey wo'ds so skimpy
Dat you got to guess between.
I want talk des' lak de showahs
Whut kin wash de dust erway,
Not dat sprinklin' convusation,
Dat des drizzle all de day.

DE CRITTERS' DANCE.

A IN'T nobody nevah tol' you not a wo'd a-tall,

'Bout de time dat all de critters gin dey fancy ball?

- Some folks tell it in a sto'y, some folks sing de rhyme,
- 'Peahs to me you ought to hyeahed it, case hit's ol' ez time.
- Well, de critters all was p'osp'ous, now would be de chance
- Fu' to tease ol' Pa'son Hedgehog, givin' of a dance;
- Case, you know, de critter's preachah was de stric'est kin',
- An' he nevah made no 'lowance fu' de frisky min'.
- So dey sont dey inbitations, Raccoon writ 'em all,
- "Dis hyeah note is to inbite you to de Fancy Ball;
- Come erlong an' bring yo' ladies, bring yo' chillun too,
- Put on all yo' bibs an' tuckahs, show whut you kin do."

- W'en de night come, dey all gathahed in a place dey knowed,
- Fu' enough erway f'om people, nigh enough de road,
- All de critters had ersponded, Hop-Toad up to Baih,
- An' I's hyeah to tell you, Pa'son Hedgehog too, was daih.
- Well, dey talked an' made dey 'bejunce, des lak critters do,
- An' dey walked an' p'omenaded 'roun' an' thoo an' thoo;
- Jealous ol' Mis' Fox, she whispah, "See Mis' Wildcat daih.
- Ain't hit scan'lous, huh a-comin' wid huh shouldahs baih?"
- Ol' man T'utle was n't honin' fu' no dancin' tricks,
- So he stayed by ol' Mis' Tu'tle, talkin' politics;

- Den de ban' hit 'mence a-playin' critters all to place,
- Fou' ercross, an' fou' stan' sideways, smilin' face to face.
- 'Fessah Frog, he play de co'net, Cricket play de fife,
- Slews o' Grasshoppahs a-fiddlin' lak to save dey life;
- Mistah Crow, 'he call de figgers, settin' in a tree,
- Huh, uh! how dose critters sasshayed was a sight to see.
- Mistah Possom swing Mis' Rabbit up an' down de flo',
- Ol' man Baih, he ain't so nimble, an' it mek him blow;
- Raccoon dancin' wid Mis' Squ'il squeeze huh little han',
- She say, "Oh, now ain't you awful, quit it, goodness lan'!"

- Pa'son Hedgehog groanin' awful at his converts' shines,
- 'Dough he peepin' thoo his fingahs at dem movin' lines,
- 'Twell he cain't set still no longah w'en de fiddles sing,
- Up he jump, an' bless you, honey, cut de pigeon-wing.
- Well, de critters lak to fainted jes' wid dey su'prise,
- Sistah Fox, she vowed she was n't gwine to b'lieve huh eyes;
- But dey could n't be no 'sputin' 'bout it any mo': Pa'son Hedgehog was a-cape'in' all erroun' de flo'.
- Den dey all jes' capahed scan'lous case dey did n't doubt,
- Dat dey still could go to meetin'; who could tu'n 'em out?
- So wid dancin' an' uligion, dey was in de fol',
- Fu' a-dancin' wid de Pa'son couldn't hu't de soul.

WHEN DEY 'LISTED COLORED SOLDIERS.

DEY was talkin' in de cabin, dey was talkin' in de hall;

But I listened kin' o' keerless, not a-t'inkin' 'bout it all;

An' on Sunday, too, I noticed, dey was whisp'rin' mighty much,

Stan'in' all erroun' de roadside w'en dey let us out o' chu'ch.

But I did n't t'ink erbout it 'twell de middle of de week,

An' my 'Lias come to see me, an' somehow he could n't speak.

Den I seed all in a minute whut he'd come to see me for;—

Dey had 'listed colo'ed sojers, an' my 'Lias gwine to wah.

- Oh, I hugged him, an' I kissed him, an' I baiged him not to go;
- But he tol' me dat his conscience, hit was callin' to him so,
- An' he could n't baih to lingah w'en he had a chanst to fight
- For de freedom dey had gin him an' de glory of de right.
- So he kissed me, an' he lef' me, w'en I'd p'omised to be true;
- An' dey put a knapsack on him, an' a coat all colo'ed blue.
- So I gin him pap's ol' Bible f'om de bottom of de draw', —
- W'en dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.
- But I t'ought of all de weary miles dat he would have to tramp,
- An' I could n't be contented w'en dey tuk him to de camp.
- W'y my hea't nigh broke wid grievin' 'twell I seed him on de street;

- Den I felt lak I could go an' th'ow my body at his feet.
- For his buttons was a-shinin', an' his face was shinin', too,
- An' he looked so strong an' mighty in his coat o' sojer blue,
- Dat I hollahed, "Step up, manny," dough my th'oat was so' an' raw, —
- W'en dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.
- Ol' Mis' cried w'en mastah lef' huh, young Miss mou'ned huh brothah Ned,
- An' I did n't know dey feelin's is de ve'y wo'ds dey said
- W'en I tol' 'em I was so'y. Dey had done gin up dey all;
- But dey only seemed mo' proudah dat dey men had hyeahd de call.
- Bofe my mastahs went in gray suits, an' I loved de Yankee blue,
- But I t'ought dat I could sorrer for de losin' of 'em too;

- But I could n't, for I did n't know de ha'f o' whut I saw,
- 'Twell dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.
- Mastah Jack come home all sickly; he was broke for life, dey said;
- An' dey lef' my po' young mastah some'r's on de roadside, dead.
- W'en de women cried an' mou'ned 'em, I could feel it thoo an' thoo,
- For I had a loved un fightin' in de way o' dangah, too.
- Den dey tol' me dey had laid him some'r's way down souf to res',
 - Wid de flag dat he had fit for shinin' daih acrost his breas'.
 - Well, I cried, but den I reckon dat's whut Gawd had called him for,
 - W'en dey 'listed colo'ed sojers an' my 'Lias went to wah.

LINCOLN.

HURT was the nation with a mighty wound, And all her ways were filled with clam'rous sound.

Wailed loud the South with unremitting grief,
And wept the North that could not find relief.
Then madness joined its harshest tone to strife:
A minor note swelled in the song of life.
Till, stirring with the love that filled his breast,
But still, unflinching at the right's behest,
Grave Lincoln came, strong handed, from afar,
The mighty Homer of the lyre of war.
'T was he who bade the raging tempest cease,
Wrenched from his harp the harmony of peace,
Muted the strings that made the discord,—
Wrong,

And gave his spirit up in thund'rous song.

Oh mighty Master of the mighty lyre,

Earth heard and trembled at thy strains of fire:

Earth learned of thee what Heav'n already knew,

And wrote thee down among her treasured few.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Why, Ike Johnson, — yes, fu' sho!
Come in, Ike. I's mighty glad
You come down. I t'ought you's mad
At me 'bout de othah night,
An' was stayin' 'way fu' spite.
Say, now, was you mad fu' true
W'en I kin' o' laughed at you?
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

'T ain't no use a-lookin' sad,
An' a-mekin' out you 's mad;
Ef you 's gwine to be so glum,
Wondah why you evah come.
I don't lak nobidy 'roun'
Dat jes' shet dey mouf an' frown, —
Oh, now, man, don't act a dunce!
Cain't you talk? I tol' you once,
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Wha'd you come hyeah fu' to-night?

Body'd t'ink yo' haid ain't right.

I's done all dat I kin do, —

Dressed perticler, jes' fu' you;

Reckon I'd 'a' bettah wo'

My ol' ragged calico.

Aftah all de pains I's took,

Cain't you tell me how I look?

Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Bless my soul! I 'mos' fu'got
Tellin' you 'bout Tildy Scott.
Don't you know, come Thu'sday night,
She gwine ma'y Lucius White?
Miss Lize say I allus wuh
Heap sight laklier 'n huh;
An' she'll git me somep'n new,
Ef I wants to ma'y too.
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

I could ma'y in a week, Ef de man I wants 'ud speak. Tildy's presents 'll be fine, But dey would n't ekal mine.

Him whut gits me fu' a wife
'Ll be proud, you bet yo' life.
I's had offers; some ain't quit;
But I has n't ma'ied yit!
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Ike, I loves you, — yes, I does;
You's my choice, and allus was.
Laffin' at you ain't no harm. —
Go'way, dahky, whah's yo' arm?
Hug me closer — dah, dat's right!
Was n't you a awful sight,
Havin' me to baig you so?
Now ax whut you want to know, —
Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f!

THE BOOGAH MAN.

W'EN de evenin' shadders Come a-glidin' down, Fallin' black an' heavy Ovah hill an' town,

Ef you listen keerful,

Keerful ez you kin,
So's you boun' to notice
Des a drappin' pin;
Den you'll hyeah a funny
Soun' ercross de lan';
Lay low; dat's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Don' you wish de night'ud tu'n to day?

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Hide yo' little peepers'hind yo' han';

Woo-oo, woo-oo!

Callin' of de Boogah Man.

W'en de win 's a-shiverin'
Thoo de gloomy lane,
An' dey comes de patterin'
Of de evenin' rain,

W'en de owl's a-hootin',
Out daih in de wood,
Don' you wish, my honey,
Dat you had been good?
'T ain't no use to try to
Snuggle up to Dan;
Bless you, dat's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Ef you loves yo' mammy,
An' you min's yo' pap,
Ef you nevah wriggles
Outen Sukey's lap;
Ef you says yo' "Lay me"
Evah single night
'Fo' dey tucks de kivers
An' puts out de light,
Den de rain kin pattah,
Win' blow lak a fan,
But you need n' bothah
'Bout de Boogah Man!

THE WRAITH.

A H me, it is cold and chill,
And the fire sobs low in the grate,
While the wind rides by on the hill,
And the logs crack sharp with hate.

And she, she is cold and sad

As ever the sinful are,
But deep in my heart I am glad

For my wound and the coming scar.

Oh, ever the wind rides by
And ever the raindrops grieve;
But a voice like a woman's sigh
Says, "Do you believe, believe?"

Ah, you were warm and sweet, Sweet as the May days be; Down did I fall at your feet, Why did you hearken to me?

Oh, the logs they crack and whine,
And the water drops from the eaves;
But it is not rain but brine
Where my dead darling grieves.

And a wraith sits by my side,
A spectre grim and dark;
Are you gazing here open-eyed
Out to the lifeless dark?

But ever the wind rides on, And we sit close within; Out of the face of the dawn, I and my darling, — sin.

SILENCE.

'Is better to sit here beside the sea,
Here on the spray-kissed beach,
In silence, that between such friends as we
Is full of deepest speech.

WHIP-POOR-WILL AND KATY-DID.

SLOW de night 's a-fallin',
An' I hyeah de callin'
Out erpon de lonesome hill;
Soun' is moughty dreary,
Solemn-lak an' skeery,
Sayin' fu' to "whip po' Will."
Now hit 's moughty tryin',
Fu' to hyeah dis cryin',
'Deed hit 's mo' den I kin stan';
Sho' wid all our slippin',
Dey's enough of whippin'
'Dout a bird a'visin' any man.

In de noons o' summah
Dey 's anothah hummah
Sings anothah song instid;
An' his th'oat 's a-swellin'
Wid de joy o' tellin',
But he says dat "Katy did."

Now I feels onsuhtain;
Won't you raise de cu'tain
Ovah all de ti'ngs dat 's hid?
W'y dat feathahed p'isen
Goes erbout a'visin'
Whippin' Will w'en Katy did?

'LONG TO'DS NIGHT.

AIH 'S a moughty soothin' feelin'
Hits a dahky man,
'Long to'ds night.
W'en de row is mos' nigh ended,
Den he stops to fan,
'Long to'ds night.

De blue smoke f'om his cabin is a-callin' to him, "Come;"

He smell de bacon cookin', an' he hyeah de fiah hum;

An' he 'mence to sing, 'dough wo'kin' putty nigh done made him dumb, 'Long to'ds night.

69

Wid his hoe erpon his shouldah

Den he goes erlong,

'Long to'ds night.

An' he keepin' time a-steppin' Wid a little song, 'Long to'ds night.

De restin'-time 's a-comin', an' de time to drink an' eat;

A baby 's toddlin' to'ds him on hits little dusty feet,

An' a-goin' to'ds his cabin, an' his suppah's moughty sweet,
'Long to'ds night.

Daih his Ca'line min' de kettle,
Rufus min' de chile,
'Long to'ds night;
An' de sweat roll down his forred,
Mixin' wid his smile,
'Long to'ds night.
toss his piccapinny, an' he hum a

He toss his piccaninny, an' he hum a little chune;

1

De wo'kin' all is ovah, an' de suppah comin' soon;

De wo'kin' time 's Decembah, but de restin' time is June,

'Long to'ds night.

Dey's a kin' o' doleful feelin',
Hits a tendah place,
'Long to'ds night;
Dey's a moughty glory in him
Shinin' thoo his face,

'Long to'ds night.

De cabin's lak de big house, an' de fiah's lak de sun;

His wife look moughty lakly, an' de chile de puttiest one;

W'y, hit 's blessid, jes' a-livin' w'en a body's wo'k is done.

'Long to'ds night.

A GRIEVANCE.

W'EN de snow's a-fallin'
An' de win' is col'.

Mammy 'mence a-callin',
Den she 'mence to scol',
"Lucius Lishy Brackett,
Don't you go out do's,
Button up yo' jacket,
Les'n you'll git froze."

I sit at de windah
Lookin' at de groun',
Nuffin nigh to hindah,
Mammy ain' erroun';
Wish 't she would n' mek me
Set down in dis chaih;
Pshaw, it would n't tek me
Long to git some aih.

So I jump down nimble
Ez a boy kin be,
Dough I's all a-trimble
Feahed some one 'll see;
Bet in a half a minute
I fly out de do'
An' I's knee-deep in it,
Dat dah blessed snow.

Den I hyeah a pattah
Come acrost de flo'.
Den dey comes a clattah
At de cabin do';
An' my mammy holler
Spoilin' all my joy,
"Come in f'om dat waller,
Don't I see you, boy?"

W'en de snow's a-sievin'
Down ez sof' ez meal,
Whut's de use o' livin'
'Cept you got de feel

Of de stuff dat's fallin'
'Roun' an' white an' damp,
'Dout some one a-callin',
"Come in hyeah, you scamp!"

DINAH KNEADING DOUGH.

HAVE seen full many a sight
Born of day or drawn by night:
Sunlight on a silver stream,
Golden lilies all a-dream,
Lofty mountains, bold and proud,
Veiled beneath the lacelike cloud;
But no lovely sight I know
Equals Dinah kneading dough.

Brown arms buried elbow-deep Their domestic rhythm keep, As with steady sweep they go Through the gently yielding dough.

Maids may vaunt their finer charms — Naught to me like Dinah's arms;
Girls may draw, or paint, or sew — I love Dinah kneading dough.

Eyes of jet and teeth of pearl,
Hair, some say, too tight a-curl;
But the dainty maid I deem
Very near perfection's dream.
Swift she works, and only flings
Me a glance — the least of things.
And I wonder, does she know
That my heart is in the dough?

TO A CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

EAR critic, who my lightness so deplores,
Would I might study to be prince of
bores,

Right wisely would I rule that dull estate — But, sir, I may not, till you abdicate.

DAT OL' MARE O' MINE.

WANT to trade me, do you, mistah? Oh, well, now, I reckon not,

W'y you could n't buy my Sukey fu' a thousan' on de spot.

Dat ol' mare o' mine?

Yes, huh coat ah long an' shaggy, an' she ain't no shakes to see;

Dat's a ring-bone, yes, you right, suh, an' she got a on'ry knee,

But dey ain't no use in talkin', she de only hoss fu' me,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

Co'se, I knows dat Suke's contra'y, an' she moughty ap' to vex;

But you got to mek erlowance fu' de nature of huh sex;

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

- Ef you pull her on de lef' han'; she plum 'termined to go right,
- A cannon could n't skeer huh, but she boun' to tek a fright
- At a piece o' common paper, or anyt'ing whut's white,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

- W'en my eyes commence to fail me, dough, I trus'es to huh sight,
- An' she'll tote me safe an' hones' on de ve'y da'kes' night,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

- Ef I whup huh, she jes' switch huh tail, an' settle to a walk,
- Ef I whup huh mo', she shek huh haid, an' lak ez not, she balk.

ļ

But huh sense ain't no ways lackin', she do evah t'ing but talk,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

But she gentle ez a lady w'en she know huh beau kin see,

An' she sholy got mo' gumption any day den you or me,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

She's a leetle slow a-goin', an' she moughty ha'd to sta't,

But we's gittin' ol' togathah, an' she's closah to my hea't,

An' I does n't reckon, mistah, dat she 'd sca'cely keer to pa't;

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

W'y I knows de time dat cidah's kin' o' muddled up my haid,

Ef it had n't been fu' Sukey hyeah, I reckon I'd been daid;

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

But she got me in de middle o' de road an' tuk me home,

An' she would n't let me wandah, ner she would n't let me roam,

Dat's de kin' o' hoss to tie to w'en you's seed de cidah's foam,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

You kin talk erbout yo' heaven, you kin talk erbout yo' hell,

Dey is people, dey is hosses, den dey 's cattle, den dey 's — well —

Dat ol' mare o' mine;

She de beatenes' t'ing dat evah struck de medders o' de town,

An' aldough huh haid ain't fittin' fu' to waih no golden crown,

D' ain't a blessed way fu' Petah fu' to tu'n my Sukey down,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

IN THE MORNING.

IAS! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!
Don' you know de day's erbroad?
Ef you don' git up, you scamp,
Dey'll be trouble in dis camp.

T'ink I gwine to let you sleep W'ile I meks yo' boa'd an' keep? Dat 's a putty howdy-do — Don' you hyeah me, 'Lias — you?

Bet ef I come crost dis flo'
You won' fin' no time to sno'.
Daylight all a-shinin' in
W'ile you sleep — w'y hit 's a sin!
Ain't de can'le-light enough
To bu'n out widout a snuff,
But you go de mo'nin' thoo
Bu'nin' up de daylight too?

'Lias, don' you hyeah me call?
No use tu'nin' to'ds de wall;
I kin hyeah dat mattuss squeak;
Don' you hyeah me w'en I speak?
Dis hyeah clock done struck off six —
Ca'line, bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh, you down, suh'; huh! you down —
Look hyeah, don' you daih to frown.

Ma'ch yo'se'f an' wash yo' face, Don' you splattah all de place; I got somep'n else to do, 'Sides jes' cleanin' aftah you. Tek dat comb an' fix yo' haid — Looks jes' lak a feddah baid. Look hyeah, boy, I let you see You sha' n't roll yo' eyes at me.

Come hyeah; bring me dat ah strap!
Boy, I 'll whup you 'twell you drap;
You done felt yo'se'f too strong,
An' you sholy got me wrong.
Set down at dat table thaih;
Jes' you whimpah ef you daih!
Evah mo'nin' on dis place,
Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haid —
Wait ontwell de blessin' 's said;
"Lawd, have mussy on ouah souls —"
(Don' you daih to tech dem rolls —)
6 81

"Bless de food we gwine to eat —"
(You set still — I see yo' feet;
You jes' try dat trick agin!)
"Gin us peace an' joy. Amen!"

THE POET.

HE sang of life, serenely sweet,
With, now and then, a deeper note.
From some high peak, nigh yet remote,
He voiced the world's absorbing beat.

He sang of love when earth was young, And Love, itself, was in his lays. But ah, the world, it turned to praise A jingle in a broken tongue.

A FLORIDA NIGHT.

WIN' a-blowin' gentle so de san' lay low, San' a little heavy f'om de rain, All de pa'ms a-wavin' an' a-weavin' slow, Sighin' lak a sinnah-soul in pain.

Alligator grinnin' by de ol' lagoon, Mockin'-bird a-singin' to be big full moon, 'Skeeter go a-skimmin' to his fightin' chune (Lizy Ann's a-waitin' in de lane!).

Moccasin a-sleepin' in de cyprus swamp;
Need n't wake de gent'man, not fu' me.
Mule, you need n't wake him w'en you switch
an' stomp,

Fightin' off a 'skeeter er a flea.

Florida is lovely, she 's de fines' lan'

Evah seed de sunlight f'om de Mastah's han',
'Ceptin' fu' de varmints an' huh fleas an' san'

An' de nights w'en Lizy Ann ain' free.

Moon's a-kinder shaddered on de melon patch;
No one ain't a-watchin' ez I go.
Climbin' of de fence so's not to click de latch
Meks my gittin' in a little slow.
Watermelon smilin' as it say, "I's free;"
Alligator boomin', but I let him be,
Florida, oh, Florida's de lan' fu' me—
(Lizy Ann a-singin' sweet an' low).

DIFFERENCES.

My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell,
My neighbor must look down on me,
Must I look up?—ah, well,
My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell.

My neighbor reads, and prays,
And I — I laugh, God wot,
And sing like a bird when the grass is green
In my small garden plot;
But ah, he reads and prays,
And I — I laugh, God wot.

His face is a book of woe,

And mine is a song of glee;

A slave he is to the great "They say,"

But I — I am bold and free;

No wonder he smacks of woe,

And I have the tang of glee.

My neighbor thinks me a fool,

"The same to yourself," say I;

"Why take your books and take your prayers,
Give me the open sky;"

My neighbor thinks me a fool,

"The same to yourself," say I.

LONG AGO.

DE ol' time 's gone, de new time 's hyeah
Wid all hits fuss an' feddahs;
I done fu'got de joy an' cheah
We knowed all kin's o' weddahs,
I done fu'got each ol'-time hymn
We ust to sing in meetin';
I's leahned de prah's, so neat an' trim,
De preachah keeps us 'peatin'.

Hang a vine by de chimney side, An' one by de cabin do'; An' sing a song fu' de day dat died, De day of long ergo.

My youf, hit 's gone, yes, long ergo,
An' yit I ain't a-moanin';
Hit 's fu' somet'ings I ust to know
I set to-night a-honin'.

De pallet on de ol' plank flo',
De rain bar'l und' de eaves,
De live oak 'fo' de cabin do',
Whaih de night dove comes an' grieves.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,An' one by de cabin do';An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,De day of long ergo.

I'd lak a few ol' frien's to-night
To come an' set wid me;
An' let me feel dat ol' delight
I ust to in dey glee.
But hyeah we is, my pipe an' me,
Wid no one else erbout;
We bofe is choked ez choked kin be,
An' bofe 'll soon go out.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,An' one by de cabin do';An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,De day of long ergo.

A PLANTATION MELODY.

DE trees is bendin' in de sto'm,

De rain done hid de mountain's fo'm,

I's 'lone an' in distress.

But listen, dah's a voice I hyeah,

A-sayin' to me, loud an' cleah,

"Lay low in de wildaness."

De lightnin' flash, de bough sway low, My po' sick hea't is trimblin' so, It hu'ts my very breas'. But him dat give de lightnin' powah Jes' bids me in de tryin' howah "Lay low in de wildaness."

O brothah, w'en de tempes' beat,
An' w'en yo' weary head an' feet
Can't fin' no place to res',
Jes' 'membah dat de Mastah 's nigh,
An' putty soon you 'll hyeah de cry,
"Lay low in de wildaness."

O sistah, w'en de rain come down,
An' all yo' hopes is 'bout to drown,
Don't trus' de Mastah less.
He smilin' w'en you t'ink he frown,
He ain' gwine let yo' soul sink down—
Lay low in de wildaness.

A SPIRITUAL.

DE 'cession's stahted on de gospel way,
De Capting is a-drawin' nigh:
Bettah stop a-foolin' an' a-try to pray;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, sinnah mou'nin' in de dusty road,
Hyeah's de minute fu' to dry yo' eye:
Dey's a moughty One a-comin' fu' to baih yo'
load;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, widder weepin' by yo' husban's grave,
Hit 's bettah fu' to sing den sigh:
Hyeah come de Mastah wid de powah to save;
Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, orphans a-weepin' lak de widder do, An' I wish you'd tell me why: De Mastah is a mammy an' a pappy too; Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Oh, Moses sot de sarpint in de wildahness W'en de chillun had commenced to die: Some 'efused to look, but hit cuohed de res'; Lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

Bow down, bow 'way down,

Bown down,

But lif' up yo' haid w'en de King go by!

THE MEMORY OF MARTHA.

Out in de night a sad bird moans,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely;
Times I kin sing, but mos' I groans,
Fu' oh, but hit 's moughty lonely!
Is you sleepin' well dis evenin', Marfy, deah?
W'en I calls you f'om de cabin, kin you hyeah?
'T ain't de same ol' place to me,
Nuffin' 's lak hit used to be,
W'en I knowed dat you was allus some'ers near.

Down by de road de shadders grows,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely;
Seem lak de ve'y moonlight knows,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely!
Does you know, I 's cryin' fu' you, oh, my wife?
Does you know dey ain't no joy no mo' in life?
An' my only t'ought is dis,
Dat I 's honin' fu' de bliss
Fu' to quit dis groun' o' worriment an' strife.

Dah on de baid my banjo lays,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely;
Can't even sta't a chune o' praise,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely!
Oh, hit 's moughty slow a-waitin' hyeah below.
Is you watchin' fu' me, Marfy, at de do'?
Ef you is, in spite o' sin,
Dey'll be sho' to let me in,
W'en dey sees yo' face a-shinin', den dey'll
know.

W'EN I GITS HOME.

I T'S moughty tiahsome layin' 'roun'
Dis sorrer-laden earfly groun',
An' oftentimes I thinks, thinks I,
'T would be a sweet t'ing des to die,
An' go 'long home.

Home whaih de frien's I loved 'll say, "We've waited fu' you many a day,

Come hyeah an' res' yo'se'f, an' know You's done wid sorrer an' wid woe, Now you's at home."

W'en I gits home some blessid day,
I 'lows to th'ow my caihs erway,
An' up an' down de shinin' street,
Go singin' sof' an' low an' sweet,
W'en I gits home.

I wish de day was neah at han',
I 's tiahed of dis grievin' lan',
I 's tiahed of de lonely yeahs,
I want to des dry up my teahs,
An' go 'long home.

Oh, Mastah, won't you sen' de call?

My frien's is daih, my hope, my all.

I's waitin' whaih de road is rough,

I want to hyeah you say, "Enough,

Ol' man, come home!"

"HOWDY, HONEY, HOWDY!"

D' a-stan'in' on a jar, fiah a-shinin' thoo, Ol' folks drowsin' 'roun' de place, wide awake is Lou,

W'en I tap, she answeh, an' I see huh 'mence to grin,

"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

Den I step erpon de log layin' at de do', Bless de Lawd, huh mammy an' huh pap's done 'menced to sno',

Now 's de time, ef evah, ef I 's gwine to try an' win,

"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

No use playin' on de aidge, trimblin' on de brink, W'en a body love a gal, tell huh whut he t'ink; W'en huh hea't is open fu' de love you gwine to gin,

Pull yo'se'f togethah, suh, an' step right in.

Sweetes' imbitation dat a body evan hyeahed, Sweetah den de music of a love-sick mockin'bird,

Comin' f'om de gal you loves bettah den yo' kin, "Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

At de gate o' heaven w'en de storm o' life is pas', 'Spec' I 'll be a-stan'in', 'twell de Mastah say at las',

"Hyeah he stan' all weary, but he winned his fight wid sin.

Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

THE UNSUNG HEROES.

A SONG for the unsung heroes who rose in the country's need,

When the life of the land was threatened by the slaver's cruel greed,

For the men who came from the cornfield, who came from the plough and the flail,

Who rallied round when they heard the sound of the mighty man of the rail.

- They laid them down in the valleys, they laid them down in the wood,
- And the world looked on at the work they did, and whispered, "It is good."
- They fought their way on the hillside, they fought their way in the glen,
- And God looked down on their sinews brown, and said, "I have made them men."
- They went to the blue lines gladly, and the blue lines took them in,
- And the men who saw their muskets' fire thought not of their dusky skin.
- The gray lines rose and melted beneath their scathing showers,
- And they said, "'T is true, they have force to do, these old slave boys of ours."
- Ah, Wagner saw their glory, and Pillow knew their blood,
- That poured on a nation's altar, a sacrificial flood.

- Port Hudson heard their war-cry that smote its smoke-filled air,
- And the old free fires of their savage sires again were kindled there.
- They laid them down where the rivers the greening valleys gem,
- And the song of the thund'rous cannon was their sole requiem,
- And the great smoke wreath that mingled its hue with the dusky cloud,
- Was the flag that furled o'er a saddened world, and the sheet that made their shroud.
- Oh, Mighty God of the Battles Who held them in Thy hand,
- Who gave them strength through the whole day's length, to fight for their native land,
- They are lying dead on the hillsides, they are lying dead on the plain,
- And we have not fire to smite the lyre and sing '
 them one brief strain.

- Give, Thou, some seer the power to sing them in their might,
- The men who feared the master's whip, but did not fear the fight;
- That he may tell of their virtues as minstrels did of old,
- Till the pride of face and the hate of race grow obsolete and cold.
- A song for the unsung heroes who stood the awful test,
- When the humblest host that the land could boast went forth to meet the best;
- A song for the unsung heroes who fell on the bloody sod,
- Who fought their way from night to day and struggled up to God.

THE POOL.

BY the pool that I see in my dreams, dear love,

I have sat with you time and again; And listened beneath the dank leaves, dear love, To the sibilant sound of the rain.

And the pool, it is silvery bright, dear love,
And as pure as the heart of a maid,
As sparkling and dimpling, it darkles and shines
In the depths of the heart of the glade.

But, oh, I've a wish in my soul, dear love, (The wish of a dreamer, it seems,)
That I might wash free of my sins, dear love,
In the pool that I see in my dreams.

POSSESSION.

WHOSE little lady is you, chile,
Whose little gal is you?
What 's de use o' kiver'n up yo' face?
Chile, dat ain't de way to do.
Lemme see yo' little eyes,
Tek yo' little han's down nice,
Lawd, you wuff a million bills,
Huh uh, chile, dat ain't yo' price.

Honey, de money ain't been made
Dat dey could pay fu' you;
'T ain't no use a-biddin'; you too high
Fu' de riches' Jap er Jew.
Lemme see you smilin' now,
How dem teef o' yo'n do shine,
An' de t'ing dat meks me laff
Is dat all o' you is mine.

99

How's I gwine to tell you how I feel,
How's I gwine to weigh yo' wuff?
Oh, you sholy is de sweetes' t'ing
Walkin' on dis blessed earf.
Possum is de sweetes' meat,
Cidah is de nices' drink,
But my little lady-bird
Is de bes' of all, I t'ink.

Talk erbout 'uligion he'pin' folks
All thoo de way o' life,
Gin de res' 'uligion, des' gin me
You, my little lady-wife.
Den de days kin come all ha'd,
Den de nights kin come all black,
Des' you tek me by de han',
An' I 'll stumble on de track.

Stumble on de way to Gawd, my chile, Stumble on, an' mebbe fall; But I'll keep a-trottin', while you lead on, Pickin' an' a-trottin', dat's all.

Hol' me mighty tight, dough, chile, Fu' hit's rough an' rocky lan', Heaben's at de en', I know, So I's leanin' on yo' han'.

THE OLD FRONT GATE.

W'EN daih's chillun in de house,
Dey keep on a-gittin' tall;
But de folks don' seem to see
Dat dey's growin' up at all,
'Twell dey fin' out some fine day
Dat de gals has 'menced to grow,
W'en dey notice as dey pass
Dat de front gate's saggin' low.

W'en de hinges creak an' cry,
An' de bahs go slantin' down,
You kin reckon dat hit 's time
Fu' to cas' yo' eye erroun',

'Cause daih ain't no 'sputin' dis,
Hit's de trues' sign to show
Dat daih 's cou'tin' goin' on
W'en de ol' front gate sags low.

Oh, you grumble an' complain,
An' you prop dat gate up right;
But you notice right nex' day
Dat hit's in de same ol' plight.
So you fin' dat hit's a rule,
An' daih ain' no use to blow,
W'en de gals is growin' up,
Dat de front gate will sag low.

Den you t'ink o' yo' young days,
W'en you cou'ted Sally Jane,
An' you so't o' feel ashamed
Fu' to grumble an' complain,
'Cause yo' ricerlection says,
An' you know hits wo'ds is so,
Dat huh pappy had a time
Wid his front gate saggin' low.

So you jes' looks on an' smiles
At 'em leanin' on de gate,
Tryn' to t'ink whut he kin say
Fu' to keep him daih so late,
But you lets dat gate erlone,
Fu' yo' 'sperunce goes to show,
'Twell de gals is ma'ied off,
It gwine keep on saggin' low.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

IN the east the morning comes, Hear the rollin' of the drums On the hill.

But the heart that beat as they beat In the battle's raging day heat Lieth still.

Unto him the night has come, Though they roll the morning drum.

What is in the bugle's blast? It is: "Victory at last!

Now for rest."

But, my comrades, come behold him Where our colors now enfold him,

And his breast

Bares no more to meet the blade, But lies covered in the shade.

What a stir there is to-day! They are laying him away Where he fell.

There the flag goes draped before him; Now they pile the grave sod o'er him With a knell.

And he answers to his name In the higher ranks of fame.

There 's a woman left to mourn

For the child that she has borne

In travail.

But her heart beats high and higher, With a patriot mother's fire,

At the tale.

104

She has borne and lost a son, But her work and his are done.

Fling the flag out, let it wave;

They're returning from the grave—
"Double quick!"

And the cymbals now are crashing,

Bright his comrades' eyes are flashing

From the thick

Battle-ranks which knew him brave,

No tears for a hero's grave.

In the east the morning comes,
Hear the rattle of the drums
Far away.

Now no time for grief's pursuing,
Other work is for the doing,
Here to-day.

He is sleeping, let him rest

With the flag across his breast.

A FROLIC.

WING yo' lady roun' an' roun', Do de bes' you know; Mek yo' bow an' p'omenade Up an' down de flo'; Mek dat banjo hump huhse'f, Listen at huh talk: Mastah gone to town to-night; 'Tain't no time to walk.

Lif' yo' feet an' flutter thoo, Run, Miss Lucy, run; Reckon you'll be cotched an' kissed 'Fo' de night is done. You don't need to be so proud -I's a-watchin' you. An' I's layin' lots o' plans Fu' to git you, too.

106

Moonlight on de cotton-fiel'
Shinin' sof' an' white,
Whippo'will a-tellin' tales
Out thaih in de night;
An' yo' cabin's 'crost de lot:
Run, Miss Lucy, run;
Reckon you'll be cotched an' kissed
'Fo' de night is done.

NODDIN' BY DE FIRE.

Some folks t'inks hit 's right an' p'opah,
Soon ez bedtime come erroun',
Fu' to scramble to de kiver,
Lak dey 'd hyeahed de trumpet soun'.
But dese people dey all misses
Whut I mos'ly does desiah;
Dat 's de settin' roun' an' dozin',
An' a-noddin' by de fiah.

When you's tiahed out a-hoein',
Er a-followin' de plough,
Whut's de use of des a-fallin'
On yo' pallet lak a cow?
W'y, de fun is all in waitin'
In de face of all de tiah,
An' a-dozin' and a-drowsin'
By a good ol' hick'ry fiah.

Oh, you grunts an' groans an' mumbles
Case yo' bones is full o' col',
Dough you feels de joy a-tricklin'
Roun' de co'nahs of yo' soul.
An' you 'low anothah minute
'S sho to git you wa'm an' dryah,
W'en you set up pas' yo' bedtime,
Case you hates to leave de fiah.

Whut's de use o' downright sleepin'?
You can't feel it while it las',
An' you git up feelin' sorry
W'en de time fu' it is pas'.

Seem to me dat time too precious,
An' de houahs too short entiah,
Fu' to sleep, w'en you could spen' 'em
Des a-noddin' by de fiah.

LOVE'S CASTLE.

Key and bar, key and bar,
Iron bolt and chain!
And what will you do when the King comes
To enter his domain?

Turn key and lift bar, Loose, oh, bolt and chain! Open the door and let him in, And then lock up again.

But, oh, heart, and woe, heart,
Why do you ache so sore?
Never a moment's peace have you
Since Love hath passed the door.

Turn key and lift bar,
And loose bolt and chain;
But Love took in his esquire, Grief,
And there they both remain.

MORNING SONG OF LOVE.

D^{ARLING, my darling, my heart is on the wing,}

It flies to thee this morning like a bird, Like happy birds in springtime my spirits soar and sing,

The same sweet song thine ears have often heard.

The sun is in my window, the shadow on the lea,

The wind is moving in the branches green, And all my life, my darling, is turning unto thee,

And kneeling at thy feet, my own, my queen,

The golden bells are ringing across the distant hill,

Their merry peals come to me soft and clear, But in my heart's deep chapel all incense-filled and still

A sweeter bell is sounding for thee, dear.

The bell of love invites thee to come and seek the shrine

Whose altar is erected unto thee,

The offerings, the sacrifice, the prayers, the chants are thine,

And I, my love, thy humble priest will be.

ON A CLEAN BOOK.

TO F. N.

IKE sea-washed sand upon the shore,
So fine and clean the tale,
So clear and bright I almost see,
The flashing of a sail.

The tang of salt is in its veins,

The freshness of the spray

God give you love and lore and strength,

To give us such alway.

TO THE EASTERN SHORE.

- I'S feelin' kin' o' lonesome in my little room to-night,
 - An' my min's done los' de minutes an' de miles,
- W'ile it teks me back a-flyin' to de country of delight,
 - Whaih de Chesapeake goes grumblin' er wid smiles.
 - Oh, de ol' plantation 's callin' to me, Come, come back,
 - Hyeah's de place fu' you to labouh an' to res', Fu' my sandy roads is gleamin' w'ile de city ways is black;
 - Come back, honey, case yo' country home is bes'.

- I know de moon is shinin' down erpon de Eastern sho'.
 - An' de bay's a-sayin' "Howdy" to de lan';
- An' de folks is all a-settin' out erroun' de cabin do',
 - Wid dey feet a-restin' in de silvah san';
 - An' de ol' plantation 's callin' to me, Come, oh, come,
 - F'om de life dat's des' a-waihin' you erway,
 F'om de trouble an' de bustle, an' de
 agernizin' hum
 - Dat de city keeps ergoin' all de day.
- I's tiahed of de city, tek me back to Sandy Side,
 - Whaih de po'est ones kin live an' play an' eat;
- Whaih we draws a simple livin' f'om de fo'est an' de tide,
 - An' de days ah faih, an' evah night is sweet. Fu' de ol' plantation 's callin' to me, Come, oh, come.

8

An' de Chesapeake 's a-sayin' "Dat 's de t'ing,"

W'ile my little cabin beckons, dough his mouf is closed an' dumb,

I 's a-comin', an' my hea't begins to sing.

RELUCTANCE.

No, ma'am, thank-ee, dat is — I —
Bettah quit daihin' me.

Dat ah pie look sutny good:
How'd you feel now ef I would?
I don' reckon dat I should;
Bettah quit daihin' me.

Look hyeah, I gwine tell de truf, Mine is sholy one sweet toof: Bettah quit daihin' me.

Yass 'm, yass 'm, dat 's all right,
I 's done tried to be perlite:
But dat pie 's a lakly sight,
Wha 's de use o' daihin' me?

My, yo' lips is full an' red,
Don't I wish you 'd tu'n yo' haid?
Bettah quit daihin' me.
Dat ain't faih, now, honey chile,
I 's gwine lose my sense erwhile
Ef you des set daih an' smile,
Bettah quit daihin' me.

Nuffin' don' look ha'f so fine
Ez dem teef, deah, w'en dey shine:
Bettah quit daihin' me.
Now look hyeah, I tells you dis;
I 'll give up all othah bliss
Des to have one little kiss,
Bettah quit daihin' me.

Laws, I teks yo' little han',
Ain't it tendah? bless de lan' —
Bettah quit daihin' me.

I 's so lonesome by myse'f,
'D ain't no fun in livin' lef';
Dis hyeah life 's ez dull ez def:
Bettah quit daihin' me.

Why n't you tek yo' han' erway?

Yass, I'll hol' it: but I say
Bettah quit daihin' me.

Holin' han's is sholy fine.

Seems lak dat 's de weddin' sign.

Wish you 'd say dat you 'd be mine; —

Dah you been daihin' me.

BALLADE.

BY Mystic's banks I held my dream.

(I held my fishing rod as well,)

The vision was of dace and bream,

A fruitless vision, sooth to tell.

But round about the sylvan dell

Were other sweet Arcadian shrines,

Gone now, is all the rural spell,

Arcadia has trolley lines.

Oh, once loved, sluggish, darkling stream,
For me no more, thy waters swell,
Thy music now the engines' scream,
Thy fragrance now the factory's smell;
Too near for me the clanging bell;
A false light in the water shines
While Solitude lists to her knell,—
Arcadia has trolley lines.

Thy wooded lanes with shade and gleam
Where bloomed the fragrant asphodel,
Now bleak commercially teem
With signs "To Let," "To Buy," "To Sell."
And Commerce holds them fierce and fell;
With vulgar sport she now combines
Sweet Nature's piping voice to quell.
Arcadia has trolley lines.

L'ENVOI.

Oh, awful Power whose works repel
The marvel of the earth's designs, —
I'll hie me otherwhere to dwell,
Arcadia has trolley lines.

SPEAKIN' AT DE COU'T-HOUSE.

DEY been speakin' at de cou't-house,
An' laws-a-massy me,
'T was de beatness kin' o' doin's
Dat evah I did see.
Of cose I had to be dah
In de middle o' de crowd,
An' I hallohed wid de othahs,
W'en de speakah riz and bowed.

I was kind o' disapp'inted
At de smallness of de man,
Case I 'd allus pictered great folks
On a mo' expansive plan;
But I t'ought I could respect him
An' tek in de wo'ds he said,
Fu' dey sho was somp'n knowin'
In de bald spot on his haid.

But hit did seem so't o' funny
Aftah waitin' fu' a week
Dat de people kep' on shoutin'
So de man des could n't speak;
De ho'ns dey blared a little,
Den dey let loose on de drums,—
Some one tol' me dey was playin'
"See de conkerin' hero comes."

"Well," says I, "you all is white folks,
But you's sutny actin' queer,
What's de use of heroes comin'
Ef dey cain't talk w'en dey's here?"
Aftah while dey let him open,
An' dat man he waded in,
An' he fit de wahs all ovah
Winnin' victeries lak sin.

W'en he come down to de present,
Den he made de feathahs fly.
He des waded in on money,
An' he played de ta'iff high.

An' he said de colah question,
Hit was ovah, solved, an' done,
Dat de dahky was his brothah,
Evah blessed mothah's son.

Well he settled all de trouble
Dat 's been pesterin' de lan',
Den he set down mid de cheerin'
An' de playin' of de ban'.

I was feelin' moughty happy
'Twell I hyeahed somebody speak,
"Well, dat 's his side of de bus'ness,
But you wait for Jones nex' week."

BLACK SAMSON OF BRANDYWINE.

"In the fight at Brandywine, Black Samson, a giant negro armed with a scythe, sweeps his way thro' the red ranks. . . ." C. M. SKINNER'S "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land."

RAY are the pages of record,
Dim are the volumes of eld;
Else had old Delaware told us
More that her history held.

Told us with pride in the story, Honest and noble and fine, More of the tale of my hero, Black Samson of Brandywine.

Sing of your chiefs and your nobles,
Saxon and Celt and Gaul,
Breath of mine ever shall join you,
Highly I honor them all.
Give to them all of their glory,
But for this noble of mine,
Lend him a tithe of your tribute,
Black Samson of Brandywine.

There in the heat of the battle,

There in the stir of the fight,

Loomed he, an ebony giant,

Black as the pinions of night.

Swinging his scythe like a mower

Over a field of grain,

Needless the care of the gleaners,

Where he had passed amain.

Straight through the human harvest,
Cutting a bloody swath,
Woe to you, soldier of Briton!
Death is abroad in his path.
Flee from the scythe of the reaper,
Flee while the moment is thine,
None may with safety withstand him,
Black Samson of Brandywine.

Was he a freeman or bondman?
Was he a man or a thing?
What does it matter? His brav'ry
Renders him royal — a king.
If he was only a chattel,
Honor the ransom may pay
Of the royal, the loyal black giant
Who fought for his country that day.

Noble and bright is the story, Worthy the touch of the lyre, Sculptor or poet should find it Full of the stuff to inspire.

Beat it in brass and in copper,

Tell it in storied line,

So that the world may remember

Black Samson of Brandywine.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

DINAH stan' befo' de glass,
Lookin' moughty neat,
An' huh purty shadder sass
At huh haid an' feet.
While she sasshay 'roun' an' bow,
Smilin' den an' poutin' now,
An' de lookin'-glass, I 'low
Say: "Now, ain't she sweet?"

All she do, de glass it see, Hit des see, no mo', Seems to me, hit ought to be Drappin' on de flo'.

She go w'en huh time git slack, Kissin' han's an' smilin' back, Lawsy, how my lips go smack, Watchin' at de do'.

Wisht I was huh lookin'-glass,
W'en she kissed huh han';
Does you t'ink I 'd let it pass,
Settin' on de stan'?
No; I'd des' fall down an' break,
Kin' o' glad 't uz fu' huh sake;
But de diffunce, dat whut make
Lookin'-glass an' man.

A MISTY DAY.

HEART of my heart, the day is chill,
The mist hangs low o'er the wooded hill,
The soft white mist and the heavy cloud
The sun and the face of heaven shroud.
The birds are thick in the dripping trees,
That drop their pearls to the beggar breeze;

No songs are rife where songs are wont, Each singer crouches in his haunt.

Heart of my heart, the day is chill,
Whene'er thy loving voice is still,
The cloud and mist hide the sky from me,
Whene'er thy face I cannot see.
My thoughts fly back from the chill without,
My mind in the storm drops doubt on doubt,
No songs arise. Without thee, love,
My soul sinks down like a frightened dove.

LI'L' GAL.

OH, de weathah it is balmy an' de breeze is sighin' low.

Li'l' gal,

An' de mockin' bird is singin' in de locus' by de do',

Li'l' gal;

Dere's a hummin' an' a bummin' in de lan' fom eas' to wes',

I's a-sighin' fu' you, honey, an' I nevah know no res'.

Fu' dey's lots o' trouble brewin' an' a-stewin' in my breas',

Li'l' gal.

Whut's de mattah wid de weathah, whut's de mattah wid de breeze,

Li'l' gal?

Whut's de mattah wid de locus' dat's a-singin' in de trees,

Li'l' gal?

W'y dey knows dey ladies love 'em, an' dey knows dey love 'em true,

An' dey love 'em back, I reckon, des' lak I 's a-lovin' you;

Dat's de reason dey's a-weavin' an' a-sighin', thoo an' thoo,

Li'l' gal.

Don't you let no da'ky fool you 'cause de clo'es he waihs is fine,

Li'l' gal.

126

Dey's a hones' hea't a-beatin' unnerneaf dese rags o' mine,

Li'l' gal.

C'ose dey ain' no use in mockin' whut de birds an' weathah do,

But I's so'y I cain't 'spress it w'en I knows I loves you true,

Dat's de reason I's a-sighin' an' a-singin' now fu' you,

Li'l' gal.

DOUGLASS.

A H, Douglass, we have fall'n on evil days,

Such days as thou, not even thou didst
know,

When thee, the eyes of that harsh long ago Saw, salient, at the cross of devious ways, And all the country heard thee with amaze.

Not ended then, the passionate ebb and flow, The awful tide that battled to and fro; We ride amid a tempest of dispraise.

Now, when the waves of swift dissension swarm,
And Honor, the strong pilot, lieth stark,
Oh, for thy voice high-sounding o'er the storm,
For thy strong arm to guide the shivering bark,
The blast-defying power of thy form,
To give us comfort through the lonely dark.

WHEN SAM'L SINGS.

HYEAH dat singin' in de medders
Whaih de folks is mekin' hay?
Wo'k is pretty middlin' heavy
Fu' a man to be so gay.
You kin tell dey 's somep'n special
F'om de canter o' de song;
Somep'n sholy pleasin' Sam'l,
W'en he singin' all day long.

Hyeahd him wa'blin' 'way dis mo'nin'
'Fo' 't was light enough to see.
Seem lak music in de evenin'
Allus good enough fu' me.

But dat man commenced to hollah 'Fo' he 'd even washed his face; Would you b'lieve, de scan'lous rascal Woke de birds erroun' de place?

Sam'l took a trip a-Sad'day;
Dressed hisse'f in all he had,
Tuk a cane an' went a-strollin',
Lookin' mighty pleased an' glad.
Some folks don' know whut de mattah,
But I do, you bet yo' life;
Sam'l smilin' an' a-singin'
'Case he been to see his wife.

She live on de fu' plantation,

Twenty miles erway er so;

But huh man is mighty happy

W'en he git de chanst to go.

Walkin' allus ain' de nices' —

Mo'nin' fin's him on de way —

But he allus comes back smilin',

Lak his pleasure was his pay.

Den he do a heap o' talkin',

Do' he mos'ly kin' o' still,

But de wo'ds, dey gits to runnin'

Lak de watah fu' a mill.

"Whut's de use o' havin' trouble,

Whut's de use o' havin' strife?"

Dat's de way dis Sam'l preaches

W'en he been to see his wife.

An' I reckon I git jealous,
Fu' I laff an' joke an' sco'n,
An' I say, "Oh, go on, Sam'l,
Des go on, an' blow yo' ho'n."
But I know dis comin' Sad'day,
Dey 'll be brighter days in life;
An' I 'll be ez glad ez Sam'l
W'en I go to see my wife.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

THE word is writ that he who runs may read.

What is the passing breath of earthly fame?
But to snatch glory from the hands of blame —
That is to be, to live, to strive indeed.
A poor Virginia cabin gave the seed,
And from its dark and lowly door there came
A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,
A master spirit for the nation's need.
Strong, silent, purposeful beyond his kind,

The mark of rugged force on brow and lip, Straight on he goes, nor turns to look behind

Where hot the hounds come baying at his hip; With one idea foremost in his mind,

Like the keen prow of some on-forging ship.

THE MONK'S WALK.

I N this sombre garden close
What has come and passed, who knows?
What red passion, what white pain
Haunted this dim walk in vain?

Underneath the ivied wall,
Where the silent shadows fall,
Lies the pathway chill and damp
Where the world-quit dreamers tramp.

Just across, where sunlight burns, Smiling at the mourning ferns, Stand the roses, side by side, Nodding in their useless pride.

Ferns and roses, who shall say What you witness day by day? Covert smile or dropping eye, As the monks go pacing by.

Has the novice come to-day
Here beneath the wall to pray?
Has the young monk, lately chidden,
Sung his lyric, sweet, forbidden?

Tell me, roses, did you note That pale father's throbbing throat? Did you hear him murmur, "Love!" As he kissed a faded glove?

Mourning ferns, pray tell me why Shook you with that passing sigh? Is it that you chanced to spy Something in the Abbot's eye?

Here no dream, nor thought of sin, Where no worlding enters in; Here no longing, no desire, Heat nor flame of earthly fire.

Branches waving green above, Whisper naught of life nor love; Softened winds that seem a breath, Perfumed, bring no fear of death.

Is it living thus to live?
Has life nothing more to give?
Ah, no more of smile or sigh —
Life, the world, and love, good-bye.

Gray, and passionless, and dim, Echoing of the solemn hymn, Lies the walk, 'twixt fern and rose, Here within the garden close.

LOVE-SONG.

I F Death should claim me for her own to-day,
And softly I should falter from your side,
Oh, tell me, loved one, would my memory stay,
And would my image in your heart abide?
Or should I be as some forgotten dream,
That lives its little space, then fades entire?
Should Time send o'er you its relentless stream,
To cool your heart, and quench for aye love's
fire?

I would not for the world, love, give you pain,
Or ever compass what would cause you grief;
And, oh, how well I know that tears are vain!
But love is sweet, my dear, and life is brief;
So if some day before you I should go
Beyond the sound and sight of song and sea,
"T would give my spirit stronger wings to know
That you remembered still and wept for me.

SLOW THROUGH THE DARK.

SLOW moves the pageant of a climbing race;
Their footsteps drag far, far below the height,

And, unprevailing by their utmost might, Seem faltering downward from each hard won place.

No strange, swift-sprung exception we; we trace

A devious way thro' dim, uncertain light, — Our hope, through the long vistaed years, a sight

Of that our Captain's soul sees face to face.

Who, faithless, faltering that the road is steep,

Now raiseth up his drear insistent cry?

Who stoppeth here to spend a while in sleep

Or curseth that the storm obscures the sky?

Heed not the darkness round you, dull and deep;

The clouds grow thickest when the summit's nigh.

THE MURDERED LOVER.

Say a mass for my soul's repose, my brother,
Say a mass for my soul's repose, I need it,
Lovingly lived we, the sons of one mother,
Mine was the sin, but I pray you not heed it.

Dark were her eyes as the sloe and they called me,

Called me with voice independent of breath.

God! how my heart beat; her beauty appalled me,

Dazed me, and drew to the sea-brink of death.

Lithe was her form like a willow. She beckoned,
What could I do save to follow and follow,
Nothing of right or result could be reckoned;
Life without her was unworthy and hollow.

Ay, but I wronged thee, my brother, my brother;
Ah, but I loved her, thy beautiful wife.

Shade of our father, and soul of our mother,
Have I not paid for my love with my life?

Dark was the night when, revengeful, I met you, Deep in the heart of a desolate land. Warm was the life-blood which angrily wet you Sharp was the knife that I felt from your hand.

Wept you, oh, wept you, alone by the river,
When my stark carcass you secretly sank.
Ha, now I see that you tremble and shiver;
'T was but my spirit that passed when you shrank!

Weep not, oh, weep not, 't is over, 't is over;
Stir the dark weeds with the turn of the tide;
Go, thou hast sent me forth, ever a rover,
Rest and the sweet realm of heaven denied.

Say a mass for my soul's repose, my brother, Say a mass for my soul, I need it. Sin of mine was it, and sin of no other, Mine was it all, but I pray you not heed it.

ń

PHILOSOPHY.

BEEN t'inkin' 'bout de preachah; whut he said de othah night,

'Bout hit bein' people's dooty, fu' to keep dey faces bright;

How one ought to live so pleasant dat ouah tempah never riles,

Meetin' evahbody roun' us wid ouah very nicest smiles.

Dat's all right, I ain't a-sputin' not a t'ing dat soun's lak fac',

But you don't ketch folks a-grinnin' wid a misery in de back;

- An' you don't fin' dem a-smilin' w'en dey's hongry ez kin be,
 - Leastways, dat's how human natur' allus seems to 'pear to me.
- We is mos' all putty likely fu' to have our little cares,
 - An' I think we 'se doin' fus' rate w'en we jes' go long and bears,
- Widout breakin' up ouah faces in a sickly so't o' grin,
 - W'en we knows dat in ouah innards we is p'intly mad ez sin.
- Oh dey's times fu' bein' pleasant an' fu' goin' smilin' roun',
 - 'Cause I don't believe in people allus totin' roun' a frown,
- But it's easy 'nough to titter w'en de stew is smokin' hot,
 - But hit's mighty ha'd to giggle w'en dey's nuffin' in de pot.

A PREFERENCE.

Mastrah drink his ol' Made'a,
Missy drink huh sherry wine,
Ovahseah lak his whiskey,
But dat othah drink is mine,
Des' 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses an' watah.

W'en you git a steamin' hoe-cake
On de table, go way, man!
'D ain't but one t'ing to go wid it,
'Sides de gravy in de pan,
Dat 's 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses an' watah.

W'en hit 's 'possum dat you eatin',
'Simmon beer is moughty sweet;
But fu' evahday consumin'
'D ain't no mo'tal way to beat
Des' 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses an' watah.

140

W'y de bees is allus busy,
An' ain' got no time to was'?
Hit 's beca'se dey knows de honey
Dey 's a makin', gwine to tas'
Lak 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses an' watah.

Oh, hit 's moughty mil' an' soothin',
An' hit don' go to yo' haid;
Dat 's de reason I 's a-backin'
Up de othah wo'ds I said,
"Des 'lasses an' watah, 'lasses an' watah."

THE DEBT.

THIS is the debt I pay
Just for one riotous day,
Years of regret and grief,
Sorrow without relief.

Pay it I will to the end — Until the grave, my friend, Gives me a true release — Gives me the clasp of peace.

Slight was the thing I bought, Small was the debt I thought, Poor was the loan at best — God! but the interest!

ON THE DEDICATION OF DOROTHY HALL.

TUSKEGEE, ALA., APRIL 22, 1901.

Do we revert to-day; we look upon The golden present and the future vast Whose vistas show us visions of the dawn.

Nor shall the sorrows of departed years

The sweetness of our tranquil souls annoy,
The sunshine of our hopes dispels the tears,
And clears our eyes to see this later joy.

Not ever in the years that God hath given
Have we gone friendless down the thorny way,
Always the clouds of pregnant black were riven
By flashes from His own eternal day.

The women of a race should be its pride;
We glory in the strength our mothers had,
We glory that this strength was not denied
To labor bravely, nobly, and be glad.

God give to these within this temple here, Clear vision of the dignity of toil, That virtue in them may its blossoms rear Unspotted, fragrant, from the lowly soil.

God bless the givers for their noble deed, Shine on them with the mercy of Thy face, Who come with open hearts to help and speed The striving women of a struggling race.

A ROADWAY.

ET those who will stride on their barren roads

And prick themselves to haste with self-made goads,

Unheeding, as they struggle day by day,
If flowers be sweet or skies be blue or gray:

For me, the lone, cool way by purling brooks, The solemn quiet of the woodland nooks, A song-bird somewhere trilling sadly gay, A pause to pick a flower beside the way.

BY RUGGED WAYS.

BY rugged ways and thro' the night
We struggle blindly toward the light;
And groping, stumbling, ever pray
For sight of long delaying day.
The cruel thorns beside the road
Stretch eager points our steps to goad,
And from the thickets all about
Detaining hands reach threatening out.

"Deliver us, oh, Lord," we cry,
Our hands uplifted to the sky.
No answer save the thunder's peal,
And onward, onward, still we reel.
"Oh, give us now thy guiding light;"
Our sole reply, the lightning's blight.

"Vain, vain," cries one, "in vain we call;"
But faith serene is over all.

Beside our way the streams are dried,
And famine mates us side by side.
Discouraged and reproachful eyes
Seek once again the frowning skies.
Yet shall there come, spite storm and shock,
A Moses who shall smite the rock,
Call manna from the Giver's hand,
And lead us to the promised land!

The way is dark and cold and steep,
And shapes of horror murder sleep,
And hard the unrelenting years;
But 'twixt our sighs and moans and tears,
We still can smile, we still can sing,
Despite the arduous journeying.
For faith and hope their courage lend,
And rest and light are at the end.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

WHEN the bees are humming in the honeysuckle vine

And the summer days are in their bloom,

Then my love is deepest, oh, dearest heart of
mine,

When the bees are humming in the honeysuckle vine.

When the winds are moaning o'er the meadows chill and gray,

And the land is dim with winter gloom,
Then for thee, my darling, love will have its way,
When the winds are moaning o'er the meadows
chill and gray.

In the vernal dawning with the starting of the leaf,

In the merry-chanting time of spring,

Love steals all my senses, oh, the happy-hearted thief!

In the vernal morning with the starting of the leaf.

Always, ever always, even in the autumn drear, When the days are sighing out their grief, Thou art still my darling, dearest of the dear, Always, ever always, even in the autumn drear.

TO A DEAD FRIEND.

I is as if a silver chord
Were suddenly grown mute,
And life's song with its rhythm warred
Against a silver lute.

It is as if a silence fell
Where bides the garnered sheaf,
And voices murmuring, "It is well,"
Are stifled by our grief.

It is as if the gloom of night
Had hid a summer's day,
And willows, sighing at their plight,
Bent low beside the way.

For he was part of all the best
That Nature loves and gives,
And ever more on Memory's breast
He lies and laughs and lives.

TO THE SOUTH.

ON ITS NEW SLAVERY.

HEART of the Southland, heed me pleading now,

Who bearest, unashamed, upon my brow The long kiss of the loving tropic sun, And yet, whose veins with thy red current run.

Borne on the bitter winds from every hand, Strange tales are flying over all the land,

And Condemnation, with his pinions foul, Glooms in the place where broods the midnight owl.

What art thou, that the world should point at thee,

And vaunt and chide the weakness that they see? There was a time they were not wont to chide; Where is thy old, uncompromising pride?

Blood-washed, thou shouldst lift up thine honored head,

White with the sorrow for thy loyal dead Who lie on every plain, on every hill, And whose high spirit walks the Southland still:

Whose infancy our mother's hands have nursed. Thy manhood, gone to battle unaccursed, Our fathers left to till th' reluctant field, To rape the soil for what she would not yield;

Wooing for aye, the cold unam'rous sod,
Whose growth for them still meant a master's
rod;

Tearing her bosom for the wealth that gave The strength that made the toiler still a slave.

Too long we hear the deep impassioned cry That echoes vainly to the heedless sky; Too long, too long, the Macedonian call Falls fainting far beyond the outward wall,

Within whose sweep, beneath the shadowing trees,

A slumbering nation takes its dangerous ease; Too long the rumors of thy hatred go For those who loved thee and thy children so.

Thou must arise forthwith, and strong, thou must

Throw off the smirching of this baser dust, Lay by the practice of this later creed, And be thine honest self again indeed.

There was a time when even slavery's chain Held in some joys to alternate with pain, Some little light to give the night relief, Some little smiles to take the place of grief.

There was a time when, jocund as the day, The toiler hoed his row and sung his lay, Found something gleeful in the very air, And solace for his toiling everywhere.

Now all is changed, within the rude stockade, A bondsman whom the greed of men has made Almost too brutish to deplore his plight, Toils hopeless on from joyless morn till night.

For him no more the cabin's quiet rest, The homely joys that gave to labor zest; No more for him the merry banjo's sound, Nor trip of lightsome dances footing round.

For him no more the lamp shall glow at eve, Nor chubby children pluck him by the sleeve; No more for him the master's eyes be bright,— He has nor freedom's nor a slave's delight.

What, was it all for naught, those awful years
That drenched a groaning land with blood and
tears?

Was it to leave this sly convenient hell, That brother fighting his own brother fell?

When that great struggle held the world in awe, And all the nations blanched at what they saw, Did Sanctioned Slavery bow its conquered head That this unsanctioned crime might rise instead?

Is it for this we all have felt the flame, —
This newer bondage and this deeper shame?
Nay, not for this, a nation's heroes bled,
And North and South with tears beheld their dead.

Oh, Mother South, hast thou forgot thy ways, Forgot the glory of thine ancient days, Forgot the honor that once made thee great, And stooped to this unhallowed estate?

It cannot last, thou wilt come forth in might, A warrior queen full armored for the fight; And thou wilt take, e'en with thy spear in rest, Thy dusky children to thy saving breast.

Till then, no more, no more the gladsome song, Strike only deeper chords, the notes of wrong;

Till then, the sigh, the tear, the oath, the moan,

Till thou, oh, South, and thine, come to thine own.

THE HAUNTED OAK.

PRAY why are you so bare, so bare,
Oh, bough of the old oak-tree;
And why, when I go through the shade you throw,
Runs a shudder over me?

My leaves were green as the best, I trow,
And sap ran free in my veins,
But I saw in the moonlight dim and wierd
A guiltless victim's pains.

I bent me down to hear his sigh;
I shook with his gurgling moan,
And I trembled sore when they rode away,
And left him here alone.

They'd charged him with the old, old crime, And set him fast in jail:

Oh, why does the dog howl all night long, And why does the night wind wail?

He prayed his prayer and he swore his oath, And he raised his hand to the sky; But the beat of hoofs smote on his ear, And the steady tread drew nigh.

Who is it rides by night, by night,

Over the moonlit road?

And what is the spur that keeps the pace,

What is the galling goad?

And now they beat at the prison door,
"Ho, keeper, do not stay!
We are friends of him whom you hold within,
And we fain would take him away

"From those who ride fast on our heels
With mind to do him wrong;
They have no care for his innocence,
And the rope they bear is long."

They have fooled the jailer with lying words,
They have fooled the man with lies;
The bolts unbar, the locks are drawn,
And the great door open flies.

Now they have taken him from the jail, And hard and fast they ride, And the leader laughs low down in his throat, As they halt my trunk beside.

Oh, the judge, he wore a mask of black, And the doctor one of white, And the minister, with his oldest son, Was curiously bedight.

Oh, foolish man, why weep you now?
'T is but a little space,
And the time will come when these shall dread
The mem'ry of your face.

I feel the rope against my bark,
And the weight of him in my grain,
I feel in the throe of his final woe
The touch of my own last pain.

And yet my heart goes out to them Whose sorrow is their diadem; The falling leaf, the crying bird, The voice to be, all lost, unheard —

Not mine, not mine, and yet too much The thrilling power of human touch, While all the world looks on and scorns I wear another's crown of thorns.

Count me a priest who understands

The glorious pain of nail-pierced hands;

Count me a comrade of the thief

Hot driven into late belief.

Oh, mother's tear, oh, father's sigh, Oh, mourning sweetheart's last good-bye, I yet have known no mourning save Beside some brother's brother's grave.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

WHY was it that the thunder voice of Fate Should call thee, studious, from the classic groves,

Where calm-eyed Pallas with still footstep roves,

And charge thee seek the turmoil of the state? What bade thee hear the voice and rise elate,

Leave home and kindred and thy spicy loaves,

To lead th' unlettered and despised droves To manhood's home and thunder at the gate?

Far better the slow blaze of Learning's light,

The cool and quiet of her dearer fane,

Than this hot terror of a hopeless fight,

This cold endurance of the final pain, —

Since thou and those who with thee died for right

Have died, the Present teaches, but in vain!

ROSES.

OH, wind of the spring-time, oh, free wind of May,

When blossoms and bird-song are rife; Oh, joy for the season, and joy for the day, That gave me the roses of life, of life, That gave me the roses of life.

Oh, wind of the summer, sing loud in the night, When flutters my heart like a dove;

One came from thy kingdom, thy realm of delight,

And gave me the roses of love, of love, And gave me the roses of love.

Oh, wind of the winter, sigh low in thy grief, I hear thy compassionate breath;
I wither, I fall, like the autumn-kissed leaf,
He gave me the roses of death, of death,
He gave me the roses of death.

A LOVE SONG.

A H, love, my love is like a cry in the night,
A long, loud cry to the empty sky,
The cry of a man alone in the desert,
With hands uplifted, with parching lips,

Oh, rescue me, rescue me,
Thy form to mine arms,
The dew of thy lips to my mouth,
Dost thou hear me? — my call thro' the night?

Darling, I hear thee and answer,
Thy fountain am I,
All of the love of my soul will I bring to thee,
All of the pains of my being shall wring to thee,
Deep and forever the song of my loving shall
sing to thee,

Ever and ever thro' day and thro' night shall I cling to thee.

Hearest thou the answer? Darling, I come, I come.

11 161

ITCHING HEELS.

Fu' de peace o' my eachin' heels, set down;
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo'.
Don' you see how dat melody stuhs me up
An' baigs me to tek to de flo'?
You knows I's a Christian, good an' strong;
I wusship f'om June to June;
My pra'ahs dey ah loud an' my hymns ah long:
I baig you don' fiddle dat chune.

I 's a crick in my back an' a misery hyeah Whaih de j'ints 's gittin' ol' an' stiff, But hit seems lak you brings me de bref o' my youf;

W'y, I 's suttain I noticed a w'iff.

Don' fiddle dat chune no mo', my chile,

Don' fiddle dat chune no mo';

I'll git up an' taih up dis groun' fu' a mile,

An' den I'll be chu'ched fu' it, sho'.

Oh, fiddle dat chune some mo', I say,
An' fiddle it loud an' fas':

I 's a youngstah ergin in de mi'st o' my sin;
De p'esent 's gone back to de pas'.

I 'll dance to dat chune, so des fiddle erway;
I knows how de backslidah feels;

So fiddle it on 'twell de break o' de day
Fu' de sake o' my eachin' heels.

TO AN INGRATE.

THIS is to-day, a golden summer's day,
And yet — and yet
My vengeful soul will not forget
The past, forever now forgot, you say.

From that half height where I had sadly climbed,
I stretched my hand,
I lone in all that land,
Down there, where, helpless, you were limed.

Our fingers clasped, and dragging me a pace, You struggled up. It is a bitter Cup, That now for naught, you turn away your face.

I shall remember this for aye and aye. Whate'er may come, Although my lips are dumb, My spirit holds you to that yesterday.

IN THE TENTS OF AKBAR.

In the tents of Akbar
Are dole and grief to-day,
For the flower of all the Indies
Has gone the silent way.

In the tents of Akbar
Are emptiness and gloom,
And where the dancers gather,
The silence of the tomb.

Across the yellow desert,
Across the burning sands,
Old Akbar wanders madly,
And wrings his fevered hands.

And ever makes his moaning To the unanswering sky, For Sutna, lovely Sutna, Who was so fair to die.

For Sutna danced at morning, And Sutna danced at eve; Her dusky eyes half hidden Behind her silken sleeve.

Her pearly teeth out-glancing
Between her coral lips,
The tremulous rhythm of passion
Marked by her quivering hips.

As lovely as a jewel
Of fire and dewdrop blent,
So danced the maiden Sutna
In gallant Akbar's tent.

And one who saw her dancing, Saw her bosom's fall and rise Put all his body's yearning Into his lovelit eyes.

Then Akbar came and drove him —
A jackal — from his door,
And bade him wander far and look
On Sutna's face no more.

Some day the sea disgorges,

The wilderness gives back,

Those half-dead who have wandered,
Aimless, across its track.

And he returned — the lover, Haggard of brow and spent; He found fair Sutna standing Before her master's tent.

"Not mine, nor Akbar's, Sutna!"
He cried and closely pressed,
And drove his craven dagger
Straight to the maiden's breast.

Oh, weep, oh, weep, for Sutna, So young, so dear, so fair, Her face is gray and silent Beneath her dusky hair.

And wail, oh, wail, for Akbar, Who walks the desert sands, Crying aloud for Sutna, Wringing his fevered hands.

In the tents of Akbar
The tears of sorrow run,
But the corpse of Sutna's slayer,
Lies rotting in the sun.

THE FOUNT OF TEARS.

A LL hot and grimy from the road,
Dust gray from arduous years,
I sat me down and eased my load
Beside the Fount of Tears.

The waters sparkled to my eye, Calm, crystal-like, and cool, And breathing there a restful sigh, I bent me to the pool.

When, lo! a voice cried: "Pilgrim, rise,
Harsh tho' the sentence be,
And on to other lands and skies—
This fount is not for thee.

"Pass on, but calm thy needless fears, Some may not love or sin, An angel guards the Fount of Tears; All may not bathe therein."

Then with my burden on my back
I turned to gaze awhile,
First at the uninviting track,
Then at the water's smile.

And so I go upon my way,

Thro'out the sultry years,

But pause no more, by night, by day,

Beside the Fount of Tears.

LIFE'S TRAGEDY.

I may be misery not to sing at all
And to go silent through the brimming day.
It may be sorrow never to be loved,
But deeper griefs than these beset the way.

To have come near to sing the perfect song And only by a half-tone lost the key, There is the potent sorrow, there the grief, The pale, sad staring of life's tragedy.

To have just missed the perfect love,

Not the hot passion of untempered youth,

But that which lays aside its vanity

And gives thee, for thy trusting worship,

truth—

This, this it is to be accursed indeed;
For if we mortals love, or if we sing,
We count our joys not by the things we have,
But by what kept us from the perfect thing.

DE WAY TINGS COME.

DE way t'ings come, hit seems to me, Is des' one monst'ous mystery; De way hit seem to strike a man, Dey ain't no sense, dey ain't no plan; Ef trouble sta'ts a pilin' down, It ain't no use to rage er frown, It ain't no use to strive er pray, Hit's mortal boun' to come dat way.

Now, ef you 's hongry, an' yo' plate Des' keep on sayin' to you, "Wait," Don't mek no diffunce how you feel, 'T won't do no good to hunt a meal, Fu' dat ah meal des' boun' to hide Ontwell de devil 's satisfied, An' 'twell dey 's some'p'n by to cyave You's got to ease yo'se'f an' sta've.

But ef dey's co'n meal on de she'f You need n't bothah 'roun' yo'se'f,

Somebody's boun' to amble in An' 'vite you to dey co'n meal bin; An' ef you's stuffed up to de froat Wid co'n er middlin', fowl er shoat, Des' look out an' you'll see fu' sho A 'possum faint befo' yo' do'.

De way t'ings happen, huhuh, chile,
Dis worl' 's done puzzled me one w'ile;
I 's mighty skeered I 'll fall in doubt,
I des' won't try to reason out
De reason why folks strive an' plan
A dinnah fu' a full-fed man,
An' shet de do' an' cross de street
F'om one dat raaly needs to eat.

NOON.

SHADDER in de valley
Sunlight on de hill,
Sut'ny wish dat locus'
Knowed how to be still.

Don't de heat already Mek a body hum, 'Dout dat insec' sayin' Hottah days to come?

Fiel''s a shinin' yaller Wid de bendin' grain, Guinea hen a callin', Now's de time fu' rain; Shet yo' mouf, you rascal, Wha''s de use to cry? You do' see no rain clouds Up dah in de sky.

Dis hyeah sweat 's been po'in'
Down my face sence dawn;
Ain't hit time we 's hyeahin'
Dat ah dinnah ho'n?
Go on, Ben an' Jaspah,
Lif' yo' feet an' fly,
Hit out fu' de shadder
Fo' I drap an' die.

Hongry, lawd a' mussy,
Hongry as a baih,
Seems lak I hyeah dinnah
Callin' evahwhaih;
Daih's de ho'n a blowin'!
Let dat cradle swing,
One mo' sweep, den da'kies,
Beat me to de spring!

AT THE TAVERN.

A LILT and a swing,
And a ditty to sing,
Or ever the night grow old;
The wine is within,
And I'm sure 't were a sin
For a soldier to choose to be cold, my dear,
For a soldier to choose to be cold.

We're right for a spell,
But the fever is — well,
No thing to be braved, at least;

So bring me the wine;
No low fever in mine,
For a drink is more kind than a priest, my dear,
For a drink is more kind than a priest.

DEATH.

S TORM and strife and stress,
Lost in a wilderness,
Groping to find a way,
Forth to the haunts of day

Sudden a vista peeps, Out of the tangled deeps, Only a point—the ray But at the end is day.

Dark is the dawn and chill, Daylight is on the hill, Night is the flitting breath, Day rides the hills of death.

NIGHT, DIM NIGHT.

NIGHT, dim night, and it rains, my love, it rains,

(Art thou dreaming of me, I wonder)
The trees are sad, and the wind complains,
Outside the rolling of the thunder,
And the beat against the panes.

Heart, my heart, thou art mournful in the rain,
(Are thy redolent lips a-quiver?)
My soul seeks thine, doth it seek in vain?
My love goes surging like a river,
Shall its tide bear naught save pain?



I.

OVE is the light of the world, my dear,
Heigho, but the world is gloomy;
The light has failed and the lamp down hurled,
Leaves only darkness to me.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,
Ah me, but the world is dreary;
The night is down, and my curtain furled
But I cannot sleep, though weary.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,
Alas for a hopeless hoping,
When the flame went out in the breeze that
swirled,

And a soul went blindly groping.

II.

THE light was on the golden sands,
A glimmer on the sea;
My soul spoke clearly to thy soul,
Thy spirit answered me.

Since then the light that gilds the sands,
And glimmers on the sea,
But vainly struggles to reflect
The radiant soul of thee.

III.

THE sea speaks to me of you
All the day long;
Still as I sit by its side
You are its song.

The sea sings to me of you
Loud on the reef;
Always it moans as it sings,
Voicing my grief.

IV.

MY dear love died last night;
Shall I clothe her in white?
My passionate love is dead,
Shall I robe her in red?
But nay, she was all untrue,
She shall not go drest in blue;
Still my desolate love was brave,
Unrobed let her go to her grave.

V.

HERE are brilliant heights of sorrow That only the few may know; And the lesser woes of the world, like waves, Break noiselessly, far below. I hold for my own possessing, A mount that is lone and still -The great high place of a hopeless grief, And I call it my "Heart-break Hill." And once on a winter's midnight I found its highest crown, And there in the gloom, my soul and I, Weeping, we sat us down.

But now when I seek that summit We are two ghosts that go; Only two shades of a thing that died, Once in the long ago. So I sit me down in the silence. And say to my soul, "Be still," So the world may not know we died that night, From weeping on "Heart-break Hill." τ 80

1

| |

